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The Outlook

MAY 3, 1922

CRISES AT GENOA

THERE are conferences and conferences. To call such a gathering as that at Genoa by the same name as that applied to the meeting of nations last winter at Washington is an indication of the poverty of language. No two gatherings could be more unlike.

At Washington there were nations which, however much their policies and purposes might differ, were willing to take one another's word as equivalent to a bond. Even the most disturbing incidents of the Washington Conference, such as some of the encounters between the Japanese and the Chinese and between the British and the French, served only to emphasize the fact that when any nation there finally pledged its word to a course of action there was no suspicion on the part of the representative of any other nation that that word would be broken. At Genoa, on the other hand, there are nations whose word is worth little or nothing in the eyes of other nations present. France, for instance, may cordially dislike England's purposes, but it does not distrust England's word. On the other hand, France and other countries, with very good reason, not only dislike Germany's purposes but also distrust Germany's word, and have no faith whatever in the words of Russia's present rulers.

Under these conditions it is not strange that the Genoa Conference has consisted of a series of crises. In diplomatic language, there has been incident after incident. One incident arises as soon as another is closed. To recount these daily occurrences of dangerous import would be wearisome. It would be useless to do so without at length explaining the moves in the game which these thirty-odd nations are playing.

In general, the nations gathered at Genoa seem to be taking sides according to the value they put upon good faith. The Bolshevist leaders from Russia put no value at all upon it, and the Germans put very little. Both the Russians and the Germans represent Governments which have been outlawed and which still bear the stigma of outlaws. They are governed somewhat by the psychology of the criminal, who thinks that, since every man's hand is against him, he is entitled to a living by his wits and is under no obligation to show good faith. When these nations were invited

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TCHITCHERIN, RUSSIAN DELEGATE TO THE GENOA CONFERENCE, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE GROUNDS OF THE HOTEL IMPERIAL AT SANTA MARGUERITE

to Genoa, they accepted certain conditions laid down. Britain needs very much the trade of both of these countries, and used her influence to induce the other nations to receive their acceptances in good faith. France had very good reason to be reluctant in this matter, for she has found that Germany, after giving her signature to the Treaty of Versailles, has ever since been seeking to escape performing her part of the contract. There was every indication that France was approaching Germany in a mood of reconciliation. It is reported by a certainly not over pro-French British correspondent, J. L. Garvin, that one of the French Cabinet Ministers, de Lasteyrie, was taking the train from Paris in order to have a thorough financial discussion with the Germans when, presto! the Germans did their best to justify all the French fears by announcing their treaty with Russia, which at best has added new difficulties to the observance of the terms of the Treaty of Versailles.

Of course all this has gone to prove, what seemed obvious before, that under present circumstances in Europe it is impossible to hold an economic conference which is not primarily political.

THE BOLSHEVIKI'S AIM

FOR thus doing much to justify in the eyes of the world the course of France toward her, Germany has been charged with stupidity. Perhaps Germany is not as stupid as she seems to be. The world's memory has proved short, and the sort of things Germany did only a few years ago are passing into oblivion. Germany apparently can count on other nations' forgetfulness. What she has done in this instance is to secure at least a finger-hold upon the rich resources of Russia, and she is probably ready to gamble on the chance that the Allies will overlook this act of bad faith as they have overlooked a great many other such acts.

The Germans were told that, since they had made this arrangement with Russia, they could not be admitted into the discussions of Rusian affairs, and they accepted their exclusion with apparent meekness. Moreover, they, as well as the Russians, were told that the Allies would preserve the right to declare any provisions of the Russo-German treaty which are in conflict with other treaties (for example, the Treaty of Versailles) null and void.

The Russians were told, too, that if they were going to continue in conference with other nations they must not be too truculent. The Allies' experts on Russia had met in London and prepared a report on Russian affairs which the Bolsheviki scorned in a statement which was issued by one of their officials. France promptly refused to sit with the Russian representatives until they made an explanation. In the meantime Tchitcherin, the Russian Foreign Minister, had issued a note in reply to the Allies' demand. The Allies had notified the Bolsheviki that their fifty billion dollar bill (which Dr. W. F. Johnson, in an article in this issue, exposes to the light of an incident in American history) was quite unacceptable. Mr. Tchitcherin withdrew the bill. The Allies had told the Bolsheviki that they would "write down" the war debts owing by Russia and postpone payment of interest, and even omit some parts of the arrears, and Mr. Tchitcherin agreed—naturally. The Allies had set certain conditions concerning the payment of debts and damages to foreign nationals; Mr.

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Tchitcherin presented some counter-conditions, among which was the very important one that the Bolshevist Government should be recognized. When this apparently mild note appeared, it was explained that this superseded the truculent letter first issued, and the French thereupon resumed relations with the Russians.

In all of this the aim of the Bolsheviki is obvious. They are in desperate need of two things in order to retain their power over the Russian masses. If they get those two things at Genoa, they will go home highly pleased with themselves. One thing is recognition. The other thing is money. They have found that their plan to revolutionize the world by destroying the governments of other nations and the medium of exchange is futile. They had so conducted themselves that they won and deserved international ostracism. According to an Associated Press despatch from Moscow, the Bolshevist Government had issued up to the last of March twenty-five trillions (that is, twenty-five thousand billions, or, if you please, twenty-five million millions) of paper rubles since the first of January of this year. That seems incredible; but the whole Bolshevist scheme is incredible except for the fact that it happens to be one of the facts of an incredible era. Now these Bolsheviki find that if they are going to exploit the Russian people further they have got to have the backing of other governments not only politically but financially. So they present their fifty billion dollar bill, and present other preposterous demands, and then blandly offer to withdraw everything provided they get recognition and cash.

THE PROPOSED TEN-YEAR-PEACE TREATY

It is perhaps not surprising that in the midst of such proceedings Mr. Lloyd George's proposal for a ten-year pact of peace all around sounds rather ingenuous to those peoples who have suffered most from the criminal exploits of the German Militarists and the Russian Reds. Indeed, it would not have been surprising if the French had suggested that before they made any more pacts perhaps it would be well to see that those already made were observed.

Indeed, Premier Poincaré is reported to have declared in a speech at Bar-le-Duc, France, that all France has ever asked and all that she asks to-day is the execution of the Treaty of Versailles. "That," he is quoted as saying, "we must have and shall have. The peace of Europe depends upon it." He is reported as going still further in explicit statement by saying that he hoped that the Allies would be able to act in unison, but that France was prepared to take the matter in her own hands, as the Treaty of Versailles authorizes, in order to protect her rights and interests. There has been a tendency in France toward a radical reduction of her military organization. Poincaré has been one of those who have cautioned his country against too rapid action in that direction, and now he points to the course of Germany and Russia as justifying his Cabinet in "daring to insist for the moment on eighteen months' military service."

Officially, however, the French Government is readier for compromise than Poincaré's speech would indicate—indeed, quite as ready for compromise as any one who knows what France has been through during the past two generations has any right to expect. The French delegation, in a statement concerning Lloyd George's proposal for a ten-year-peace treaty, has said: "It must be made clear that Germany and Russia have no aggressive intentions before the rest of Europe can agree to any such pact. If it involves the neutralization of frontier zones, it may be useful. If it involves later some form of reduction of armies, it may be beneficial. France is ready to reduce if others do so, because this would decrease expenditures, but it must affect everybody and be without a loophole for violation."

France of course is right in saying that a peace treaty had better be written in something else than water.

PASSING THE BONUS BUCK

Plans to raise money for the payment of a soldiers' bonus have so far resembled the efforts of a man who seeks to increase the length of a piece of string by cutting off one end and tying it on the other. Congress is apparently unwilling to find any new funds for the bonus, for it is still keeping an expectant eye upon the payment of interest money on our foreign loans. At present the thought of Congress involves using interest payments from Great Britain.

Such funds, if they are received, cannot be properly applied to the bonus. Such interest should be applied to our own Liberty Bonds. For our bonds were in part sold to the Nation for the purpose of securing funds to loan to our allies. If Congress wishes to prove its sincerity in the matter of bonus legislation, let it collect the needed money by the imposition of new taxes frankly levied for the purpose of paying the bonus.

The political aspects of the bonus question are accentuated by the fact that it is proposed to increase the cash payments provided for in the House bill and to abolish some of the really constructive features, such as the land settlement plan which was incorporated in the original measure put forward by the Legion. That land settlements and industrial loans can be of practical and permanent assistance to ex-soldiers has been proved by the example of Canada.

In an early issue of The Outlook an article on the Canadian system of loans to soldier-farmers will be published.

BUYING OFFICE WITH PUBLIC FUNDS

We do not always agree with Senator Borah. But we have never doubted his independence of spirit and his readiness to fight for his convictions. This characteristic has been manifest in his public career ever since he rose to National prominence through his prosecution of the case against the murderers of ex-Governor Steunenberg.

If the Legion Post of Pocatello, Idaho, had realized this fact, they might have withheld their threat to drive Senator Borah out of public life because of his opposition to the bonus. In reply to the telegram from this Post Senator Borah said:

> I observe in your telegram the threat which you impliedly make as to future political punishment. It was wholly unnecessary for you to make this threat. It reflected no credit upon you and it has had no effect whatever on me. When you come to that fight in which you propose to inflict punishment, you will doubtless be able to say many things in the way of censure upon my public service.
>
> But one thing neither you nor any one else will be able to say, and that is that I ever sought to purchase political power by drafts upon the public treasury, or that I chose to buy a continuation in office by putting $4,000,000,000 upon the bended backs of American taxpayers.
>
> I haven't much respect for the man who buys office, even though he pays for it with his own money. But the most slimy creature which disgraces American politics is the man who buys office by paying for it with appropriations out of the public treasury and charges his venal political obligations to the taxpayers.

Senator Borah's denunciation of the politician who pays for his re-election with appropriations from the public treasury constitutes an outstanding definition of an evil which is Nation-wide. It is particularly effective because it is accompanied by an act which might involve serious personal sacrifice.

THE RILEY MEMORIAL

James Whitcomb Riley had the gift of expressing in words that the great mass of people can understand feelings that the great mass of people have. If there is any feeling that approaches universality, it is tenderness for childhood, and particularly for childhood that has not a fair chance. This tenderness can be over-sentimentalized, but it is never to be scorned when it is genuine. It is this tenderness that one

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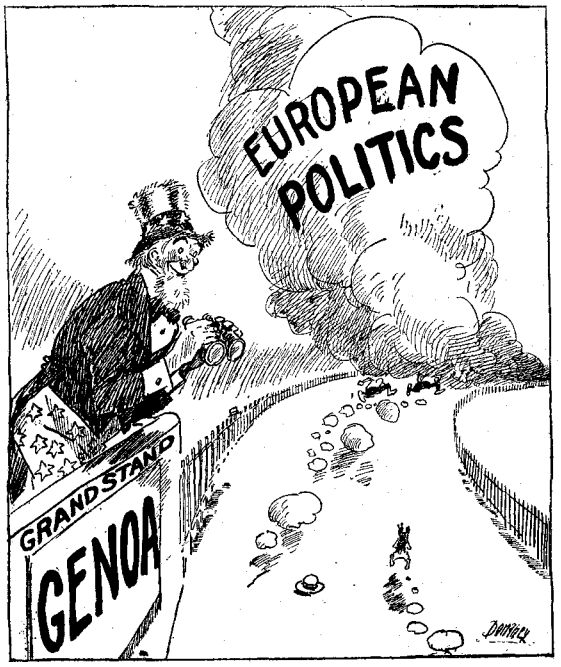
WHAT NEWS FROM GENOA?

(Merchant of Venice, Act III, Scene 1)

Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer



JUST A GRAND STANDER

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

From Newton Bradford, Columbus, Ohio

Pease in the Newark Evening News

THE GENOA CONFERENCE

From Josephine M. Swenson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

From Benjamin Blumenthal, Philadelphia, Pa.

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finds in Riley's verse perhaps more frequently than any other sentiment, and this verse will remain his monument long after much verse that is subtle and intellectually more mature will have been generally forgotten. In this sense Riley erected his own monument; but his neighbors have now built to his memory a monument of their own, and it is in the same vein as his verse. It is a hospital for the care of stricken children.

At the exercises at this hospital, in Indianapolis, Secretary James J. Davis, of the Department of Labor, paid a tribute to Riley in which he recognized this gift of the Indiana poet. "If the very sight of a child, if the fancies, the joys, the little griefs of a child touch us all so deeply," said Secretary Davis, "how much more touching are the fancies and joys and griefs of a child who is broken and bent and crippled! Nothing ever moved Riley to finer strains of poetry than bright, happy childhood, but nothing ever more stirred the depths of his being than the sight of childhood blighted with pain and distress." Secretary Davis mentioned the incident, which was one of Riley's earliest recollections, in which Riley saw to it that a lame schoolfellow always had the first ride in the swing under the locust trees at recess. Perhaps it is not mere coincidence that Riley's State, according to Secretary Davis, is leading in the effort to aid crippled children. Close after Indiana come New York, and Ohio, and Michigan, and Virginia, Massachusetts, Montana, Missouri, Illinois, and the rest. "In New York City alone," said Mr. Davis, "there are 36,000 cripples. A census of the Nation's cripples has never been undertaken—we have shrunk from the painful task. But let us hope that the percentage in New York is unusual, and that the country as a whole has taken no such toll of human bodies." According to Secretary Davis, there is not a State in the land that does not, through public or private means, pay heed to the needs of crippled children.

Riley's verses on "The Happy Little Cripple" contain in very simple and perhaps, to some, sentimental language a sound philosophy; for in those verses Riley represents the cripple as wondering how his aunt could possibly be happy in a heaven where she did not have a chance to take care of him, for in heaven "they's nary angel 'bout the place with curv'ture of the spine." It is certainly true that the crippled children who are cared for in this hospital will do as much for the people of Indianapolis as the people of Indianapolis will do for them. In spite of wars and strikes and crime waves, this truth has been a dominant one in modern times. Certainly such a hospital as the Riley Children's Memorial Hospital is as distinctive of the civilization of to-day as the amphitheaters and forums were of that of Rome.

HOME STUDY IN SING SING

University work among the inmates of a State's prison is a novelty; it is also an undertaking of fine intention and aspiration. Columbia University in its courses at Sing Sing is trying to bridge the gulf between aspiration and failure, ambition and despair. It started when Mr. Spencer Miller, Jr., visited the great San Quentin Prison in California and found there a genuine interest in education as a constructive element in rehabilitation. Mr. Miller later became an assistant warden at Sing Sing, and has done a great deal to carry out the idea. Elementary instruction already existed; Mr. Miller undertook to do something for the men who entered prison with a certain amount of education and needed something more. His argument was that if the modern prison idea is to make a man capable of resuming his citizenship, there could be no means more effective than education.

In the head of the Columbia Home Study Department, Mr. Levering Tyson, sympathy and co-operation were found, for he remembered that long before a Sing Sing prisoner had written to him asking for a course in Spanish, to be paid for after his discharge. This was not possible at that time. Now a scholarship fund for such purposes is in existence and an inmate is eligible for full scholarship for a year if he is approved by the Sing Sing Mutual Welfare League, the head teacher, and the warden.

Under this plan thirty-five such scholarships were established, but this proved pitifully inadequate, for eighty applications were received from the men, and many of them still await the generous impulse of those who may be interested.

What kind of courses do Sing Sing prisoners want? In reply, we are told that some of the courses asked for but not given for lack of funds are interior decoration, automobile construction, commercial art, traffic management, and certain musical courses. Among the courses now given are English composition, advertising and selling, Spanish, agriculture, foreign exchange, newspaper writing, photoplay composition, accounting, fire insurance, American history, philosophy.

One interesting example of the work is that of a prisoner who has had a play accepted by a Broadway producer. More general results have been increase in courtesy and friendliness on the part of the prisoners to their teachers and the growth of a spirit of mutual service among the prisoners themselves.

A CORRECTION

In hearings before the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization of the House of Representatives, C. V. Knightley, of Boston, testified that seventeen Assyrians, women and children, deported from Ellis Island, the immigrant station in New York Harbor, landed at Constantinople and were then massacred. These people, it was finally ascertained, as a result of an investigation by the American High Commission at Constantinople, were Armenians, the party consisting of seven men, nine women, and three children (making not seventeen, but twelve women and children in all)—nineteen in the whole party. The Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, has written to the Secretary of Labor, Mr. Davis, reporting the findings of the High Commission and saying that it appears that, "after leaving no avenue of useful investigation unexplored, the High Commission was unable to find the slightest evidence to substantiate the rumor." Similarly, a careful investigation by the Y. W. C. A. also proves the rumor to have been substantially false. The Migration Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at Constantinople personally interviewed four of those reported murdered—one of them being the mother in a family of five. Apparently there has been no sign that a single one of the nineteen was killed. In its issue of January 4, The Outlook, in commenting upon the hardships of deportation, referred to this rumor, not as a fact, but as a "story" which was "told of some Armenian women and children." We are giving a great deal more space to the correction than to the original report of the rumor, both because we desire that justice be done to the Department of Labor, that is responsible for deportation, and because we are heartily glad that the story has been proved untrue.

LADY ASTOR

Lady Astor is one of the most extraordinary and at the same time most engaging of the distinguished persons that have recently come from the other side of the Atlantic to visit this country. As a matter of fact, she is not a foreign visitor at all. She is an American girl returning to see the home folks. She was born and raised—to use the Southern phraseology—in Virginia. Nancy Langhorne was the scion of an aristocratic but land-poor family. She had beauty, education, a quick mind, a warm heart, and a fine spirit—a heritage that is better than millions of dollars so far as happiness and effectiveness

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in life are concerned. About the time she was emerging from girlhood an American millionaire, William Waldorf Astor, emigrated to England and finally became a peer of the realm. His son married Nancy Langhorne, was elected to the House of Commons, and, finally, on his father's death, inherited his father's peerage and is now Viscount Astor. Thus it happens that the American girl from Virginia is Viscountess Astor.

When Lord Astor inherited his father's title, he was, under the British Constitution, transferred from the House of Commons to the House of Lords and his seat in the Commons was vacant. His wife, who believed in woman suffrage and was active in the suffrage movement in England before the war, determined to offer herself as a candidate. She made a splendid campaign in and about Plymouth, which constituency, after a triumphal election, she now represents in the House of Commons. Her husband, Lord Astor, has publicly said that it is not surprising that she should have been elected nor is it especially to her credit; what is surprising and much to her credit, he believes, is that she has made a success as a member of the House of Commons. Her common sense, her good humor, her human sympathy, and her brilliant, sparkling, and spontaneous style of speaking have given her real influence in Parliament.

She has come to America especially to attend the Convention of the National League of Women Voters, which has just concluded its sessions in Baltimore, and she has captivated everybody she has come in contact with since she arrived in this country about two weeks ago.

Personality is a most elusive and difficult thing to describe. It is far easier for Conan Doyle to explain or to photograph ectoplasm, a stuff of which he says spirits are made, than it is for a writer to express in printed words the effect of a flashing glance, or a rippling smile, or a spontaneous gesture, or the engaging hesitation of an instant while a speaker is eagerly choosing a word with which more effectively to take the already capitulating fortress of the hearer's mind. So it is not easy to describe Lady Astor's distinctive personality. One of the most effective slang phrases of the day is "have a heart." She manifestly has a heart. Indeed, at the dinner which was given in her honor on April 20 by the English Speaking Union, in New York, she said: "I didn't quite know whether New York audiences would be as kind as Plymouth audiences. I see that they are much the same. They forgive shortcomings in the way of scholarly or oratorical attainments when they see that you are speaking from your heart. I usually do speak from my heart, for I have tried my head and found it wanting."

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LORD AND LADY ASTOR AS THEY ARRIVED IN AMERICA ON THE OLYMPIC

Lady Astor denies that she has come over here on a mission. "Can't a person come home," she inquired with a smile, "without being suspected of ulterior motives?" Uttering this defense with that little whimsical turn of voice and expression of countenance with which Theodore Roosevelt used to employ humor to point a moral, she denied that she is a personage and asserted that she is "but a symbol—a sort of a connecting link between all English-speaking peoples, a frail link, perhaps, but a link that is stronger than it looks." In her various speeches and interviews she has laid great stress—from "the mother-woman's point of view"—upon the necessity for the abolition of war and for an association of nations based upon human sympathy and human co-operation.

She has not criticised or advised the American people in the slightest degree, but she has made some allusions in a semi-humorous vein which are penetrating and significant. For example, when asked of her opinion of prohibition she replied: "All I can say with conviction is that I have never met the man or woman who has been made more unselfish or better by drink, but I have seen hundreds ruined by it." Asked regarding her views of the Irish question, her answer was: "The Irish question? There will be no trouble in Ireland if they will only look forward instead of back. I have no patience with anything based on ancient prejudices and ancient wrong. I have a great admiration for the Irish; I am part Irish myself; but they will lose sympathy throughout the world if they do not stop fighting among themselves and start looking forward." She deplores the attacks of a peculiar personal nature made on Great Britain in the United States Senate. Personalities in politics she evidently thinks unsportsmanlike. "You know," she said, "if a member of Parliament made attacks of this kind in the House of Commons on the United States, it would not be tolerated by his fellow-members. 'It is not cricket!' they would exclaim."

But the reader must not get the impression that vivacity and ever-buoyant good spirits are the sole characteristics of this charming Anglo-American or Americo-Englishwoman. She has her serious moments, in which she gives expression to the fundamental truths of her political philosophy in a language of common sense that every one can understand. Perhaps her political philosophy cannot be summed up better than she has done it in the following passage of her address to the New York League of Woman Voters, which was delivered in the Town Hall of New York City on the very evening of her arrival from her transatlantic voyage:

> I can conceive of nothing worse than a man-governed world except a woman-governed world—but I can see the combination of the two going forward and making civilization more worthy of the name of civilization based on Christianity, not force,—a civilization based on justice and mercy. I feel men have a greater sense of justice and we of mercy. They must borrow our mercy and we must use their justice. We are new brooms; let us see that we sweep the right rooms.
>
> Personally, I feel that every woman

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should take an active part in local politics. I don't mean by that that every woman should go in for a political career—that, of course, is absurd—but you can take an active part in local government without going in for a political career. You can be certain when casting your vote you are casting it for what seems nearest right—for what seems more likely to help the majority and not bolster up an organized minority. There is a lot to be done in local politics, and it is a fine apprenticeship to central government. Local politics are very practical, and I think that, although practical, they are too near to be attractive. The things that are far away are more apt to catch our eye than the ones which are just under our noses; then, too, they are less disagreeable.

Political development is like all other developments. We must begin with ourselves, our own consciences, and clean out our own hearts before we take on the job of putting others straight. So with politics; if we women put our hands to local politics, we begin the foundations. After all, central governments only echo local ones.

After hearing Lady Astor's opinions on current and critical political questions and after reading the accounts of her success as a Member of Parliament, we wonder if the old aphorism, "Virginia is the mother of Presidents," may not have to be changed to—Virginia is the father of stateswomen!

INCORPORATE THE LABOR UNIONS

ON another page a labor leader, Mr. Ellis Searles, protests that the demand for the incorporation of labor unions comes primarily from "the union busters" of the country. With this we totally disagree. We also disagree with his statement that if the unions were incorporated and held legally accountable for the fulfillment of their contracts they would be "subject to the whim of hostile courts." This is also Mr. Gompers's publicly stated view. If the courts of the United States are hostile to labor, which we by no means believe, the quickest way to eradicate that hostility is to take the unions out of a special and favored class of the public over which the courts have no control.

With Mr. Searles's assertion that labor is not a commodity we are in entire sympathy. Commodity is a thing; service is rendered by a person. If a man comes to your house to sell you melons, and you know how to judge melons, the character of the man does not concern you. If a man applies to you for a position as gardener and he and you are going to work together in growing melons, it is of great importance that you should know his character and that he should know yours. If a man sells you a commodity, the relation between you and him is that of seller and purchaser. If a man sells you his labor, the relation between you and him is that of co-operators in a common enterprise. At the root of much of our present industrial disturbances is the fact that both employer and employee treat labor as a commodity. The result is that the laborer is often indifferent to his employer's interest and the employer is often indifferent to the interests of labor.

But it is also true that men may contract to furnish service and that they may be held accountable for not furnishing what they agree to. A surgeon contracts to perform an operation and to attend the patient after the operation and dress the wound. If in the middle of the operation he should cease work or strike in order to get a larger fee than he agreed upon beforehand, he could be criminally punished for malpractice—that is, for not furnishing the service which he had agreed to furnish. Society recognizes this principle in some forms of employment. Mutiny at sea is a crime. Mutiny is simply a strike against performing a service which the sailors had agreed to perform in signing the ship's articles. If Mr. Searles were on a transatlantic liner and suddenly the engineers, the firemen, and quartermasters declined to do their work and the vessel was in danger of shipwreck or the boilers threatened to explode, would he not be among the first to insist upon the forcible completion of the seamen's contract and their punishment when they reached port for breaking the contract?

Mr. Searles makes many bald assertions which cannot be sustained by the facts. He says, for example, that the prime purpose of corporations is to evade responsibility. He either ignores or is ignorant of the elementary principles of corporation law. Corporations are suable and can sue. If they are fined, the stockholders share the loss pro rata. In some cases, as, for example, in National banking corporations, the directors of the corporation are doubly liable for the fulfillment of contracts. Mr. Searles says that there are all kinds of associations in commerce which are not incorporated. If he means that those associations are not amenable to regulation by law he is of course mistaken. The courts, on the complaint of the Federal Trade Commission, have just dissolved one such association—the association formed for mutual benefit by the dealers in hardwood lumber. It is true that associations for mutual benefit which do not make legal agreements only have to comply with certain special regulations for such mutual benefit associations. But the labor unions are associations formed, not merely for mutual benefit, but to enter into contractual obligations. They either ought not to enter into these obligations or, if they do, ought to be so constituted that they can fulfill their contracts.

The trouble with the labor unions today is that they want to eat their cake and keep it. They want to hold employers to contracts, but they do not want to be held themselves. Mr. Gompers has recently admitted upon the witness-stand that the trouble with many unions is that they are in the hands of unscrupulous and petty leaders. His remedy for this condition is patience, with the hope that the long processes of education will make bad men good, although with delightful inconsistency he does not rely on such processes in dealing with bad employers. The really effective way to make unscrupulous and irresponsible men careful—whether they are employers or labor leaders—is to

WHAT AN IMMIGRANT IN THE CABINET THINKS OF IMMIGRATION

IT has been said that America is no longer a land of opportunity. It has been said that we have crystallized into a class-divided nation. The only trouble with these statements is that they are not true.

One of the proofs that they are not so occupies a place in the Cabinet of President Harding—James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor.

Secretary Davis was born in Wales. He came to this country as a boy, and worked, when a young man, as an iron puddler. At twenty-one he was president of his local branch of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers of America.

We recently wrote Secretary Davis, asking him for a photograph of himself as a boy, and he replied: "Unfortunately, during the early days of my life in America our family had very little money to spend for such luxuries as photographs and portraits."

We wanted that picture to go with an article which the Secretary has written for us on the problem of the immigrant. No one is better equipped than Secretary Davis to appreciate what the immigrant owes America and what America owes the immigrant. The article will appear in an early issue of The Outlook.

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impose responsibilities upon them and hold them accountable.

Nor do we think that the advantages of the incorporation of labor unions would be wholly one-sided. The very tone and tenor of Mr. Searles's article indicate what we believe to be the fact—that to-day labor unions and labor-union leaders are looked upon with distrust, suspicion, irritation, and sometimes anger by the public at large because of their sabotage, their violence, and their unwillingness to abide by their own word. If they were incorporated, that very fact would give them the social standing which they now feel they lack. The phrase, "dignity of labor," is a much abused and misused one. If, however, labor unions are to have the social dignity which Mr. Searles subconsciously feels they lack and which we believe it would be socially desirable for them to possess, one of the quickest ways in which they could achieve this dignity would be to incorporate themselves, become responsible entities, and take their place with other citizens who regard the courts and judicial procedure, not as hostile engines of a despotic government, but as the best device which democracy has discovered for the settlement of human disputes. When Mr. Searles speaks of judicial procedure as "the whim of hostile courts," does he not come dangerously near to allying himself and the cause which he has at heart with the attitude towards society which is entertained by the thug, the pickpocket, and the swindler? Labor leaders of the intellectual ability of Mr. Searles and Mr. Gompers are doing their cause as well as their country disservice in attacking the courts. If there is injustice in American courts, what labor leaders should do is to join with their other fellow-citizens, who have placed their property and treasuries under the direction and protection of judicial procedure, in reforming court abuses rather than to ally themselves with lawbreakers as enemies of the courts.

The Outlook does not wish to be classed with "the union busters" of the country. It desires to see the unions incorporated because it desires to see them dignified and strengthened so that collective bargaining can go hand in hand with social justice. If, however, the labor unions wish to place themselves or to have society place them outside of the pale of the courts, they will find that this is the surest way to shipwreck. History shows that no class, whether it be composed of the wealthy or of the so-called proletariat, can long exist in nations that believe in constitutional government without being willing to submit to the rules and regulations of law which society at large has framed for its self-protection.

FAMILIAR SPIRITS

SAUL, King of Israel, was but one of the long line of those who from prehistoric days have sought the aid of witches and mediums to raise the spirits of the dead. When Saul went, disguised, to consult the woman at Endor who had a familiar spirit, and fell "all along on the earth," overcome partly by his superstitious fear of the woman's message and partly by his faintness from hunger, he cut a ridiculous figure. His conduct in this, as in other instances, serves, not as an example to be followed, but as a warning. His effort to find in the supernatural a support for his wavering faith and his timid will resulted only in enfeebling his will and corrupting his faith.

What happened to Saul has happened to many thousands of others in the ages before him, and in the ages since, and in our own day. What is called Spiritualism is chiefly, if not wholly, an attempt to escape from the normal duties and responsibilities of life by recourse to counsel and direction from the dark. For one who has the purpose of seeking clues to new truths of science through so-called mediums by a cold and impartial examination of evidence, as the chemist or physicist seeks such clues in the undisturbed seclusion of his laboratory, there are hundreds who are seeking by such means either new sensations or some comfort and solace in sorrow, or some power which they can substitute for their own will and character in the control of conduct.

We publish on another page an article by Vilhjalmur Stefansson which gives an interesting portrait of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and incidentally an unconsciously self-painted portrait of the great Arctic explorer. We do not doubt either the intelligence or the sincerity of conviction of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, but we do not think that his message brings a new revelation of truth and power.

Against the application of scientific methods to the search for truth no one who loves truth would wish to place any obstruction. There may be differences of opinion as to the regions in which such search for truth are most promising; as to the methods applicable in particular cases; and as to the evidence necessary for the formulation of working hypotheses. These differences are common to all realms of science. With such we are not here concerned. It is not this aspect of so-called psychical phenomena that has aroused the public interest and has given audiences to such men as Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. What sends people to the lectures of Sir Oliver and Sir Arthur and to the séances of mediums is not a scientific impulse; it is the great desire to communicate with the spirits of the departed whom they know, and from whom they want to get some word that will make life worth while.

Since the war, when the fact of death was impressed upon the minds of many hundreds of thousands by the dramatic experiences of battle and sudden calamity, this desire has been intensified. It is, in fact, not a scientific but a religious phenomenon. There is in the minds of these hundreds of thousands a sense of wrongness, and a consequent effort to make some connection with the Higher Powers. This, as William James has pointed out in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," is the essence of religion. There are, however, helpful religions and hurtful religions, true religions and false religions, religions that build up and strengthen character and religions that demoralize. No one can observe thoughtfully this phenomenon without wondering how far it is a symptom of spiritual and moral health, and how far it is a symptom of a breakdown in spirit, morals, or mind.

No amount of evidence that the spirit of man survives bodily death is of itself, or can be made to be, of service to a true and wholesome religion. It is not what a man believes, or even knows, about life in a future existence that constitutes faith; it is rather his attitude toward life and the kind of life that he lives resulting from that attitude. The only kind of eternal life that counts is eternal life here and now. Even the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, which constitutes one of the articles of belief among his followers, did not of itself put life and heart into his disciples. It was the kind of life that Jesus lived and was able to impart to his disciples that was the source of their power and the substance of their faith; and it was not merely his bodily appearance after death that seemed significant to them, but rather the sense of his presence with them in spite of death. It was not the fact that he walked with them to Emmaus that made their hearts burn within them, but what he said to them on the way. If Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will bring to the world a message of power and life, it will not matter much where he gets it. If he can secure such messages as a result of his experiences, no one will question their validity. But the mere fact that a man who has a reputation for knowing something about evidence and who has had some scientific training in medicine reports that he has seen spirits, and has obtained from them some description of the circumstances of life after death, has no bearing whatever upon that faith

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which moves mountains and transforms character.

Religious faith does not depend upon the kind of evidence that one gets either in the laboratory or séances; it is a matter of experience that is open to the child as well as the adult, the ignorant as well as the learned. The faith of a child in his father or mother is not something that you can implant by a process of reason or argument, or the production of testimony and evidence. The attorney who argues before a jury may bring the minds of that jury to a state of certainty concerning a fact, but he cannot by that same process implant in the minds and souls of the jury his own faith in a friend or a parent or a God. Evidence may convince a jury, but it cannot of itself change them from bad men to good men, from selfish men to unselfish men, disloyal men to loyal men. It is only faith that can do that—sometimes faith in a fellow-man, sometimes faith in a country, but supremely faith in a Power not themselves that makes for righteousness.

All around us in this world there are forces conspiring to develop and fortify faith. They are to be found in the records of the race, in the institutions of religion, and in the influence and power of those who have themselves grown through faith. If any man finds these forces unavailing, he will find no support for true faith in any mere evidence that the spirit of man survives the death of his body.

In the future, as in the past, men will seek some easier way to faith than the rugged path of adherence to the law of self-restraint and service, or what in the much misunderstood language of Scripture is called virtue and love. Those who believe that the universe is ruled by a Power that would supplant chaos with order, self-indulgence with self-control, and greed with love have in themselves at least the elements of faith. For that faith they do not depend upon the witness of their eyes, or their ears, or the mere report of facts concerning the past or present, or the possible future. They can derive it only from those who have that faith and prove it by their lives.

Those who seek for faith in signs or wonders or in spirits called from the vasty deep will seek it in vain. Not even Jesus, who brought immortality to light, turned the thoughts of men to the search for evidence of life after death. On the contrary, he warned his disciples against such search and enforced his teachings by the parable in which he represents Abraham as answering the rich man in torment, who besought that one might be sent from the dead to cause his brothers to repent, and saying: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

PAPER MADNESS

FORTUNATUS HAD A PURSE THAT WAS NEVER EMPTY NO MATTER HOW MUCH HE TOOK FROM IT—AUSTRIA HAS A PURSE THAT GROWS EMPTIER THE MORE SHE PUTS IN IT—MR. GREGG TELLS WHY

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE FROM WILLIAM C. GREGG

IF the Genoa Conference considers countries in alphabetical order, Austria will be first; there is, however, much pre-Conference help being arranged.

Lloyd George recently dressed a window showing Austria in a stabilized Loan Gown. It attracted attention; the fashion was established. Now France and Italy are also making "Loan Gowns" for Austria. Czechoslovakia is making a loan to take the place of an old coal loan. The latest news is that Holland is contemplating a loan to Austria.

There is some psychology in all this, but more business. The Bank of England owns the Anglo-Austrian Bank. Englishmen own the principal Danube navigation companies. They have large commercial relations with Czechoslovakia, which sells to Austria. Why should not England loan nine million dollars to Austria under such circumstances, especially as she has a mortgage on a lot of Gobelin tapestries as security?

France recently bought the Laenderbank, one of the large Vienna financial institutions. She has industrial interests in Austria and since before the war has held a controlling interest in the Southern Railroad Company, the only large Austrian system not Government owned.

Italy, by the Versailles Treaty, extended her northern boundary into Austria, including the great port city of Trieste. The Italians very properly supported this new acquisition by a friendly and expanding policy in Austria. They have acquired mine properties, as well as Austrian banking and commercial interests.

Surely these three Allies have business in Austria which must be looked after. They would not be the clear-headed, practical people we know them to be if they failed to try at least to improve bad conditions. There is, however, another side of business, called politics. Business and politics are always Siamese twins. Many think that they should be separated, but the operation is not performed, because a vital circulation involves them both.

Politically, France wants to be the big sister to the little entente composed of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia. They can prevent Austria from joining Germany, and together with Poland they present a solid barrier against Soviet Russia. France is interested in the development of trade routes east and west.

The political interests of Italy differ enough from those of France to make the two nations rivals in southern European society. Italy wants trade routes north and south, so that she can resume her very extensive pre-war business with Germany. She also bids for business with the little entente by playing the rôle of big sister number two. She has recently presided over three conferences in Italy in which the little entente, Austria, and Hungary came together and improved their mutual relations. One conference was held in Rome, one in Portorose, and one in Venice. In the last the dispute between Austria and Hungary over west Hungary was settled by giving it to Austria. If you add the Genoa Conference, you may call Italy the Convention Country of Europe.

Political rivalry makes it hard to work out the purely business part of loans to Austria to re-establish her credit. I can see all kinds of lions in the way of a good solution. The danger is that England will be content with a temporary business advantage resulting from her loan. She may also foreclose on the tapestries later.

France and Italy may be opportunists. All the world is being financed in a happy-go-lucky manner. England, France, and Italy are not holding their own expenditures within their Government incomes, so we can hardly expect them to plan and impose on Austria such a financial reform as they themselves are not able to adopt, but only to talk about.

So we can prophesy that the credits

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to Austria will be given by England, France, and Italy with many hopes of benefits to themselves, with many warnings to Austria, and with some plans for supervision, but with no absolute grip on Austria's collar.

Austria reminds me of the Hawaiian natives; fine looking, friendly, and estimable, but they lack character. The Austrians have never before had self-government. They are not capable of it at present, because they lack patriotism and self-control, two essentials in a republic. These qualities are at present all too scarce in any country, hence the world travail.

While staying in Vienna I have been buying some antiques. I have made large and small purchases in many stores. With one exception, they have urged me to accept a bill at a lower price than I paid, ostensibly to save me part of the Austrian export tax, but when I demurred they bluntly said that they couldn't afford to pay the 7 per cent sales tax. Of course this tax was included in the price. They collected the tax from me, but refused to pay it all to their Government. With exceptions noted later, the Austrian people appear well dressed and well fed. There is a much greater variety of food here than last year. Any one who has the money can get anything to eat or drink. There are over 250,000,000,000 paper kronen in circulation. There is very little unemployment, so every one has money, more or less. To be sure the money is worth little—seventy kronen to one United States cent—but the people have learned that it won't do to hold onto something that is falling in value, so they spend their money on themselves.

The theaters are crowded, so are the movies. One day we saw over one hundred thousand people at and around the race-course. A man may think it better to bet his money on a horse-race than to put it in a savings bank.

And this brings me to the reason for the degradation of the Austrian kronen. They were worth before the war 20 cents apiece, and at the time of the armistice 10 cents. Then people called themselves a democracy, but practiced Socialism. The Government gave every one a job, especially old soldiers. They bought food at high prices and sold at low prices. They imported coal to operate the railways and hauled people for as low as six cents per 100 miles. The first year the Government deficit was enormous; the kronen fell rapidly in value, prices started up, and the wages of state employees were increased. This increased the deficit. There was only one way to meet a deficit—with the printing-press—and vast quantities of paper money were issued.

Theoretically, inflation would work all right if all wages and prices could be increased as rapidly as the value of the money decreases, but it is not humanly possible. Theoretically, when money is falling in value, it is useless to save it. It should be spent for something substantial, but it must not be held. Consequently there is great temptation to spend it for food, drink, and pleasure. It is a good time also to borrow money, if possible, and to go in debt. The chance is in favor of one paying his debt at half what it cost him. If I borrow a thousand kronen on a sixty-day note, and the krone loses one-half its value in sixty days, I am a big gainer, and the lender a big loser.

There is a case in Vienna where a man bought a house full of furniture before the war, on credit. The bill was not paid until recently. The courts decided that the man who bought the furniture need not pay more than the number of kronen called for in the original bill, so the debtor sold one chair for the needed amount and squared the account.

There are many strange phases of this financial spree. On the surface it does not seem criminal, but below one can find the old people neglected or dead; the middle class, who were not used to work, are undernourished or living scantily by selling their possessions. The proportion of unfortunate people is much larger under present Vienna conditions. Many stores are filled with jewelry, furniture, pictures, and curios that have been sold for what they would bring by people who had no choice. Much of this junk is of small value, and the owners realized little from its sale. Thousands of people are working for just enough to keep them fairly alive. I am not referring to skilled labor or common labor of a heavy type, but household servants, employees in hotels, clerks, and porters. Their appearance is semi-genteel or downright shabby. They are fairly used to the life now, and make the best of it.

I was in Vienna just a year ago. In referring to my notes at that time, I find that there were 90,000,000,000 paper kronen in circulation, with a total gold value of $128,000,000.

Now there are 250,000,000,000 kronen in circulation, with a gold value of only $35,000,000. Loss in total value of all paper money in one year, $83,000,000.

It is interesting to see that the more paper money they print, the less the total amount is worth. It is possible also to understand the Vienna complaint that there is not money enough in circulation. If, for instance, the total of next Saturday's factory pay-rolls in Austria amounted to $35,000,000 in gold, it would take the entire 250,000,000,000 kronen to pay them, leaving no money for other transactions and none in the banks.

It is also interesting to reflect that, theoretically, if Austria could raise $35,000,000 in gold, she could buy up and burn up all her 250,000,000,000 paper kronen.

To such a depth of depreciation have sunk the promises of Socialism masquerading in the costume of democracy. To such a depth has sunk a country which used freedom as a license; first, to spend what they had, and then what they hadn't, until no one does them honor and they mock at themselves.

Yet Austria four years ago was in about as good shape as any other war-weary nation. No country has been free from crimes against itself, including the United States, which has had a weak Congress that creates deficits to please the Socialistically inclined.

Which is the most dangerous step in the downward path—the first, the middle, or the last? America has made the first deficit step already, and seems about as complacent as the poor Austrians were when they started down.

The problem for England, France, and Italy is first to stop the Austrian deficits, then retire the present worthless paper currency, issuing a new currency with a safe amount of gold or gold equivalent behind it.

If all the credits were concentrated for this latter purpose, it would be possible of achievement, but there is not power enough inside and outside of Austria to make her reduce her expenditures to come within her income.

We have heard statements that the first decision of Genoa would be that budgets must be balanced before help could be expected. There will be no special need of help after budgets are balanced, for the whole deplorable disaster of depreciation has been caused by deficits. The exchange value has also been depressed by the same failure to balance the trade of a country by self-denial.

Austria, for instance, has worlds of forests close to Vienna and elsewhere. She could swear a mighty oath that after next September she would not import another ton of coal until her financial health was restored. She would have to change her locomotives to wood-burners and use only wood in industry and the home, a perfectly possible thing for a courageous nation to do. But Austria is not courageous; she prefers credits and coal to chopping wood and developing a national spirit.

The Vienna papers recently reported that the Senate at Washington had appropriated $50,000,000 as a loan to Austria. On March 17 one paper, in commenting on the supposed good luck of Austria, estimated that they could live for a year on the $50,000,000. Two-thirds of Austria think only of favor to come from outside. The other third realize their inability to make Austria stand alone and are sick at heart.

How many people in the United States are thinking about getting something from Congress, without realizing that A stands for Austria and America as well, and both can fall from the same cause—lack of patriotism and lack of self-denial? Austria is making some effort toward reforms, but, to me, the only solution is strong outside control or the division of the remnant of the once proud Empire among the adjacent countries. Italy alone might take a mandate to govern her.

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THE CRIME WAVE AND LAW ENFORCEMENT

BY GEORGE S. BUCK

THERE is food for anxious thought in the crime wave sweeping over the United States, particularly when it is borne in mind that it comes on top of an appalling state of habitual lawlessness. In 1918 Cleveland had twenty times as many murders as London per one hundred thousand of population. In 1921 Chicago had fourteen times as many as Berlin. There is more crime among the two hundred thousand Sicilians in Chicago than there is among the four million in Sicily. We have much the same habits, institutions, and ideals as the Canadians. We are divided by only an imaginary line, and yet in 1913 there were eight times as many murders south of the border as north of it. Burglary insurance in the United States has increased 543 per cent in the past five years, and so the story goes. Where will this end? What are the causes? Of course so great a problem is complex. One individual can see only a section of it. Nevertheless from the experience of four years as the official head of the Police Department in a typical cosmopolitan American city of half a million people it is possible to observe some of the forces that have brought us into our present path and continue to drive us along it.

THE American people are of an obliging, accommodating nature. They have a way of passing laws to please those who want them, and those who seek new laws of a reform nature seem to have a kind of childlike faith in the power of a statute to better human conduct. Then when the act is passed and becomes law those communities which did not want it or those large elements in the population who are opposed to it look to the law-enforcing agencies to veto it by non-enforcement. The attitude of the lawmakers seems to be that a new law will leave everybody happy—the reformers because they have what they want upon the statute-books, and the rest of the community because it will be relieved of agitation and everything can go on as it did before. Some of the political leaders, influential in controlling legislation, frankly approve of this method of procedure in private and confidential conversation, but would never publicly say so, and the course of events shows that they but reflect the usual attitude of the American people.

The attempt to deal with a situation in the method just described and how it works when brought in contact with the human machinery of a police department is well illustrated by an ordinance passed by the city of Buffalo some years ago which forbade the sale of liquor on the same floor on which dancing was going on. This ordinance sought to achieve a very laudable purpose. The drawback was that there were some high-grade, perfectly respectable restaurants whose patrons drank so little liquor as to lead to no unseemly conduct, and who deeply resented this interference with their indulgence in the fad of dancing between courses. So the management of the Police Department let it be known that certain restaurants might have dancing, but the rest could not. Now the officer on the beat is a very suspicious and an extremely practical man. He at once argued with himself that if certain places were allowed to profit by violating the law some one higher up received pay for it, not necessarily in cash but in some way—in political support or friendship. Perhaps directly across the street from one of the restaurants favored with permission to have dancing was one to which that privilege was denied. The patrolman on that beat reasoned with himself somewhat like this: "Braun, on the north side of this street, is just as decent a fellow as Greuner, on the south. It is not fair to give this privilege to Greuner and to deny it to Braun. What is more, Braun has given me many a good cigar and hot coffee on a cold night, just out of the kindness of his heart. Now if Braun starts up dancing I am not going to see it. I shall just turn my back." After a time Braun found he could not stand the competition from Greuner's dancing attractions, so he started up. The same situation and the same reasoning applied elsewhere, and before long dancing and liquor selling were going on all over without any more regulation than if the ordinance were non-existent, except that, because the law was there and could be enforced at any time, the door was wide open for unscrupulous members of the police force to exact tribute on the threat of enforcement.

This incident illustrates perfectly the viciousness of laws which express excellent views of conduct but which run counter to the settled habits or fixed desires of a part of the community. These may not in themselves be criminal and are more a matter of morals or social customs than of governmental regulation. There arises first the resentment of those regulated, which brings pressure on the police to ignore the law; this is followed by "easing up" on some, which spreads to all, because of the human qualities inherent in those charged with the duty of law enforcement. By and by there is a gust of public indignation over non-enforcement and everything is shut up tight; as soon as the gust passes the old forces reassert themselves and the vicious circle starts over again, leaving in its wake a constantly increasing contempt for law.

As Mayor I was able to cure this particular trouble by insisting that the ordinance be amended to permit dancing and liquor selling on the same floor, provided the Mayor was first satisfied that the place was fit to be licensed, and a fee for such permission was fixed a $100. The effect was magical. The respectable part of the community which was determined to have dancing with its meals was satisfied; and the ordinance almost enforced itself, because every restaurateur who had invested $100 in a license became a volunteer police officer to prevent unlawful poaching. Formerly, when a lawbreaker, he dared not start a prosecution against a fellow-lawbreaker, but when he had paid the fixed rate for his privilege he was entitled to protection, and he got it as a matter of right.

This is as simple and complete an illustration as can be found of the great advantage of laws which fit the ideas of the community. It is impossible to legislate successfully in advance of the prevailing standards of the people. Perhaps an autocrat may mark out a goal and force his people up to it, but certainly a democracy cannot do it.

It must always be borne in mind that the majority of men on a police force are honest, decent fellows. They want to command the respect and good will of the community. They cannot help reflecting the opinion of their neighbors. If the community regards a law as foolish, the officers will not have much heart for its enforcement. In addition to this, the average man wants to avoid trouble and to hold his job in peace. He does not need to be told to shut his eyes to breaches of the law. He will quickly take a hint. From the attitude of his superiors he decides what is expected of him, and if they are not keen for the punishment of all offenders, he is quite ready to be lax in the performance of his duties. In short, the police reflect very accurately the attitude of their employers on the subject of law enforcement.

IN almost every campaign involving the choice of a Mayor the question is fought out, "Shall the town be open or shut?" A multitude of our new voters do not even know what this means. If answered, "Yes," it brings in a time when gamblers can run openly, when prostitutes and pimps can ply their trades and advertise their business freely. It means that honest, faithful service by the police is discouraged. Men who have distinguished themselves by long and efficient work are passed by when promotions are made or are assigned to posts where their qualities are least effective. Every grafter on the force is busy and prosperous. The slime of falsehood and venality is everywhere. Almost every kind of crime can secure some degree of immunity, and the whole force is demoralized. The terrible thing about the whole business is that the question is submitted to the public so camouflaged that only the wise ones see the real issue. Imagine the roar of protest that would go up if a referendum

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should be proposed on the naked issue, "Shall the laws be enforced? Answer by a cross under Yes or No." Of course such a question never should enter the political arena. The law is the shield of the poor and weak from exploitation and injustice and guards the security of all with few or many possessions, and its suspension in the ordering of our affairs should be unthinkable. To be a violator of it even secretly should be a burden of shame to be undertaken by no respectable person; and yet all of us are well aware of the pride which many otherwise excellent citizens take in breaking the Volstead Act.

Of course in a mayoralty campaign the question is never stated baldly as to whether the gamblers, prostitutes, and pimps shall be given free rein or have their activities restricted as greatly as possible. A mayor must take an oath of office to support the laws, and there are none who want an open town who would care to declare frankly for an open season for the purveyors of vice.

There is generally some issue back of which the "open town" forces can gather. They particularly prize some catch phrase, such as "personal liberty," or some slogan which has a quality appealing to those who honestly regard themselves as liberals, or are for some reason dissatisfied, and want to register a protest. In this way the support is gained of many who would not deliberately abet lawlessness if they realized what they were doing.

It is surprising how strong are the forces anxious for an "open town." In addition to the active participants there are, first of all, the owners of real estate, for which there is then a far greater demand. Residential districts in that transition stage which precedes the advent of business are adapted to the activities of an "open town," and when so used pay larger rentals than could be secured for any legitimate purpose. Then there are the shopkeepers who sell to the underworld, the proprietors of restaurants, theaters, dance halls, and all kinds of places of amusement. Lastly, there is the great body of people whose patronage keeps business humming in that part of the town which is open.

These elements are powerful factors in any election. They know what they want and from whom they can most likely get it. Owing to the habitual indifference of the electorate, it requires only twenty-one per cent, or a trifle more, of the qualified voters to carry a municipal election. If any reader questions this statement, let him take the total population of his own town, subtract two-fifths of it from the total to allow for children and aliens, and then compare the difference with the total votes cast at a municipal election, and he will see that it is substantially correct. It is because of the indifference of the voters that the question "Shall the town be open?" is so often answered in the affirmative. Then the police force, instead of doing its duty vigorously to the full of its ability, is committed to a policy of hands off to as great an extent as the sense of public decency will permit, but it cannot keep its hands off some kinds of crime without lessening its efficiency in all lines. With certain crime this consequence is easier to trace than in others.

Take, for example, the picking of pockets. There is good reason to believe that it is a well-organized industry. In fact, those who engage in it call their work a profession. Articles taken by experienced operators are not sold locally. They are shipped out of town and turned into cash at some far-distant point. When a high-class operator falls into the toils of the law, he is furnished with bail. Often this is wired from New York, and a skillful criminal lawyer appears to defend him and utilizes every possible technicality to protect his client. Some years ago a Buffalo police officer was in New York on his vacation. While talking to a New York patrolman a pickpocket joined the group and was introduced to the man from Buffalo. "What is your friend doing here?" he asked. "Oh, he has just come to get wised up," said the New York officer. "Well, then, stranger, if that is all," said the pickpocket, "come to my flat this evening on Blank Street and I will introduce you to some prominent members of the profession." So the Buffalonian accepted the invitation, thinking that a personal acquaintance with really leading members of the profession might prove of value later on. Now this Buffalo police officer had a reputation in the underworld as a man who was honest and fair, one who used every legal means to enforce the law, but who did not take any treacherous advantage. After some years he became Chief of the Buffalo Police and set out to give the city as clean an administration as possible. He had been in office only a few months when he received a message that there were three prisoners in the jail who were very anxious to see him. So he went over, and there were three of the professional pickpockets whom he had met some years before in New York. They said: "We want to apologize to you. We have made a mistake. We did not know you were Chief. We thought the town was open and that it was all right for us to operate. If we had known you were Chief, we would not have come here. Now please do not be hard on us. If you will not press the charges against us, we promise that we will get out of town at once, and, what is more, wherever we go we will peddle it through the profession that there is nothing doing in Buffalo." The Chief decided to take them at their word, and in eighteen months the picking of pockets declined from an annual rate of over six hundred to less than one hundred. Of course it is impossible to determine what amount of this reduction was due to these three pickpockets, how much to the general reputation of the administration which must have spread abroad among the people of the underworld, and how much to better police work. What is significant is the relation between an open town and crime. It is the evident assumption on the part of the professional criminals that in an open town they can operate with comparative impunity, and that when a city has a police administration vigorously trying to enforce the law it is advisable to keep away.

In a large cosmopolitan city the various foreign elements are a prolific source of lawlessness, not because they are naturally criminal, but because they have been uprooted from their own soil. At the best, only a few police officers can speak the most common foreign tongues, and with some languages it is necessary to depend upon interpreters. This is always an obstacle in the pursuit of criminals. The children of immigrants pick up English and frequently their parents do not, with the result that the youngsters feel their superiority. This helps to break down the discipline of the home and is reflected in time in the criminal records. The various nationalities present a great obstacle to the uniform enforcement of the laws. This is especially the case when the strictly American element is in the minority. Some races have customs of Sabbath observance utterly at variance with that of others. Some believe in Sunday baseball. Some do not. Some want dancing at public gatherings on Sunday or theatricals or bowling, others do not. And so it goes.

Since this is so and we have in our midst large masses of population with social ideas and customs foreign to our own, rather than try to force them through our mold by legal processes it would be better for the respect for law either to legalize or license what is not inherently wrong and trust to time, education, and social influence to weld us into a homogeneous whole with common ideals and customs. Mr. Taft pointed out a step vital to the reduction of lawlessness when he declared in 1908: "The administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to our civilization. The prevalence of crime and fraud, which here are greatly in excess of that in European countries, is due largely to the failure of the law and its administration to bring criminals to justice." He added: "Felonies are bound to increase unless the criminal laws are enforced with more certainty, more uniformity, and more severity than they are now." Mr. Taft proved himself a prophet, for in the fourteen years since he uttered those words major crimes have increased by leaps and bounds.

The real cure for our lawlessness rests with the hearts and consciences of the American people. When they are convinced that disrespect for law has become such a disease in the body politic that it must be cured, the battle will be won, but until that day dawns we are doomed to present to the world a worse and worse spectacle of lawlessness.

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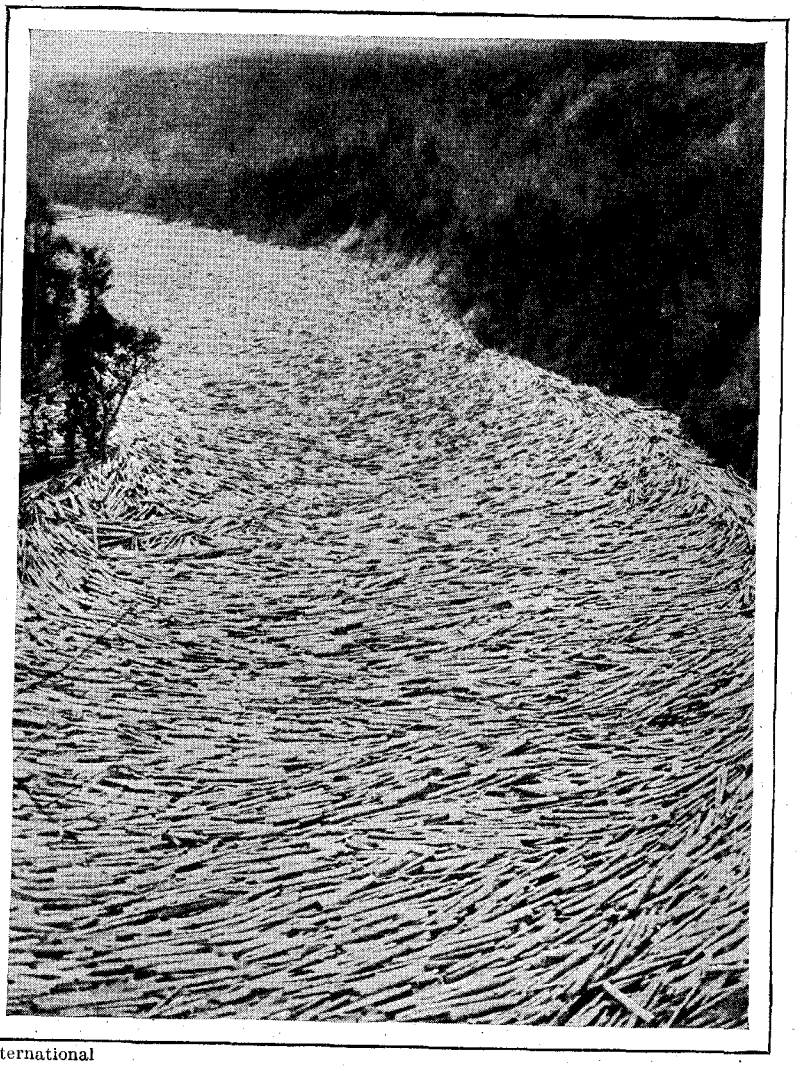
FLOODS THAT SERVE AND DESTROY



International

A RIVER OF WOOD IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

The picture was made immediately after the spring thaw, when the great mass of logs which had been cut during the winter was being carried down the stream to the lumber mills

THE FLOODS IN THE WEST

The scene, photographed at Beardstown, Illinois, shows one of the largest levees in the Mississippi Valley, protecting thousands of acres of land around Beardstown, just after the protecting wall gave way. The spot from which the daring photographer made this picture was, it is stated, washed away five minutes later

(C) International, Chicago

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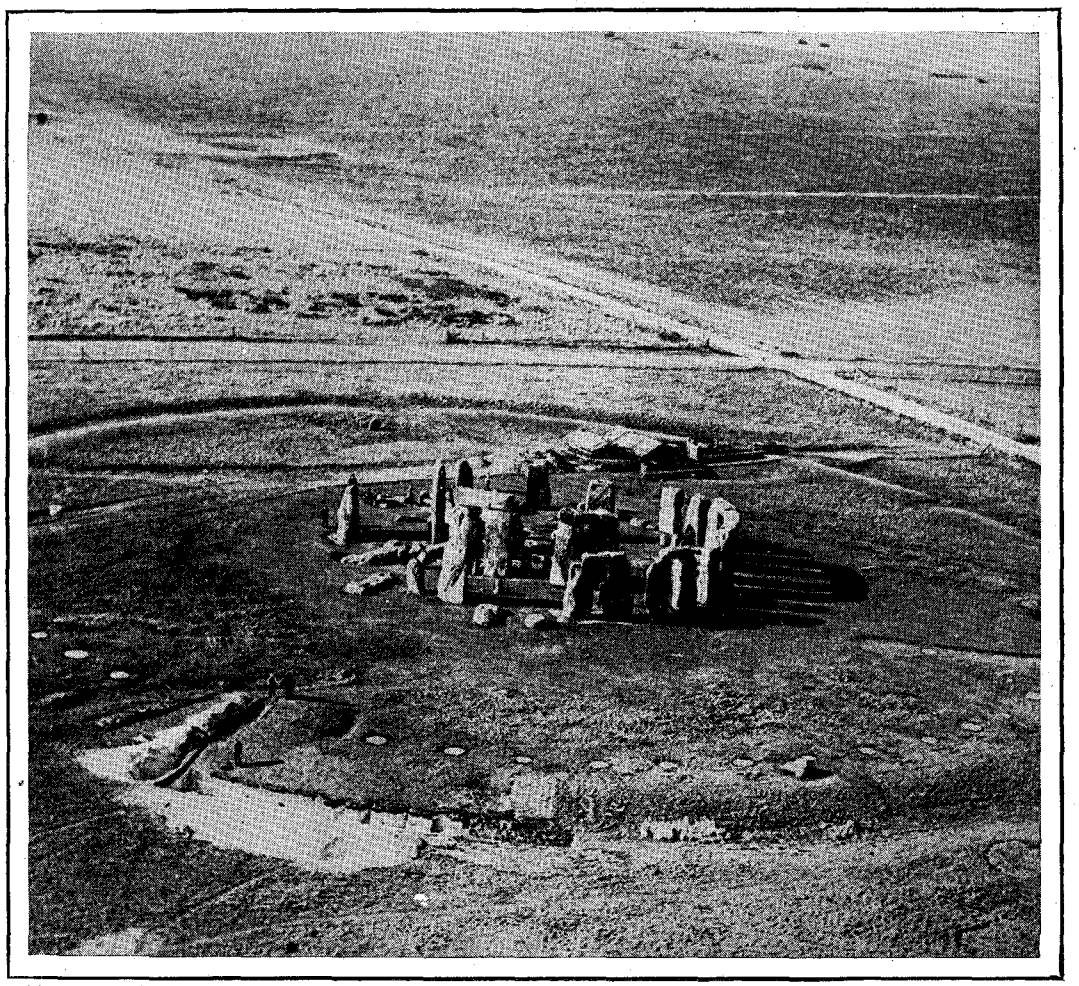
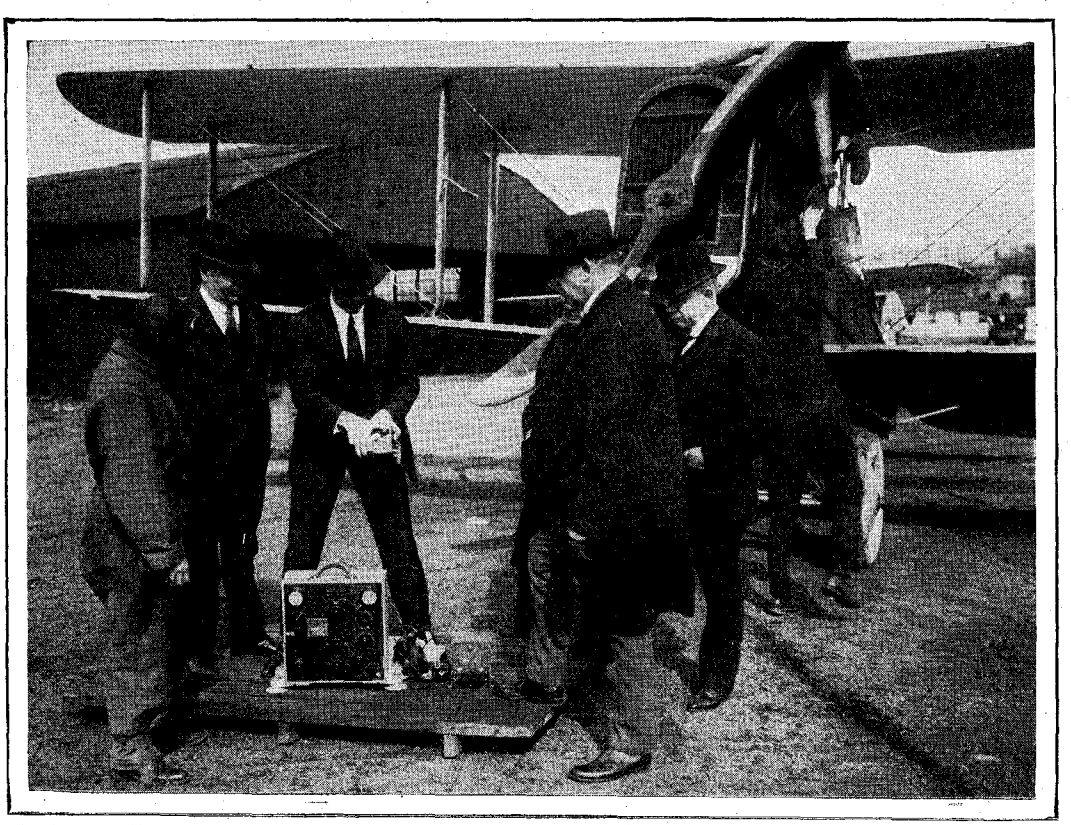
LOOKING DOWN ON THIRTY CENTURIES

PREHISTORIC RUINS OF STONEHENGE AS SEEN FROM AN AIRPLANE.

Widely differing conjectures have been made as to the purpose and origin of these huge monoliths. Nennius in the ninth century asserted that Stonehenge was erected to commemorate the slaughter of four hundred nobles by Hengist. The Welsh bards tell us that it was erected by the incantations of Merlin, who brought the stones from Ireland. The best of modern opinion agrees that it is a sun temple of the bronze age. The time of its erection has been calculated as about 1680 B.C., from the fact that on this approximate date the midsummer sun would have risen on a direct line with the axis of the temple



Wide World Photos



(C) Harris & Ewing

POSTMASTER-GENERAL HUBERT WORK INSPECTING A NEW RADIO OUTFIT FOR AIRCRAFT

Dr. Work (right foreground) is seen at Bolling Field Air Station, at Washington, and before him is a radio outfit which is to be installed on a mail-carrying airplane. This is the first time, it is announced, that the Post Office Department has utilized radio in connection with the air mail service. The two pictures on this page suggest the thought that perhaps a mere matter of thirty centuries is all that has saved Postmaster-General Work from becoming a sun god. Nothing less could have resulted from dropping down on Stonehenge in the time of its heyday with the radio apparatus which he is here shown inspecting

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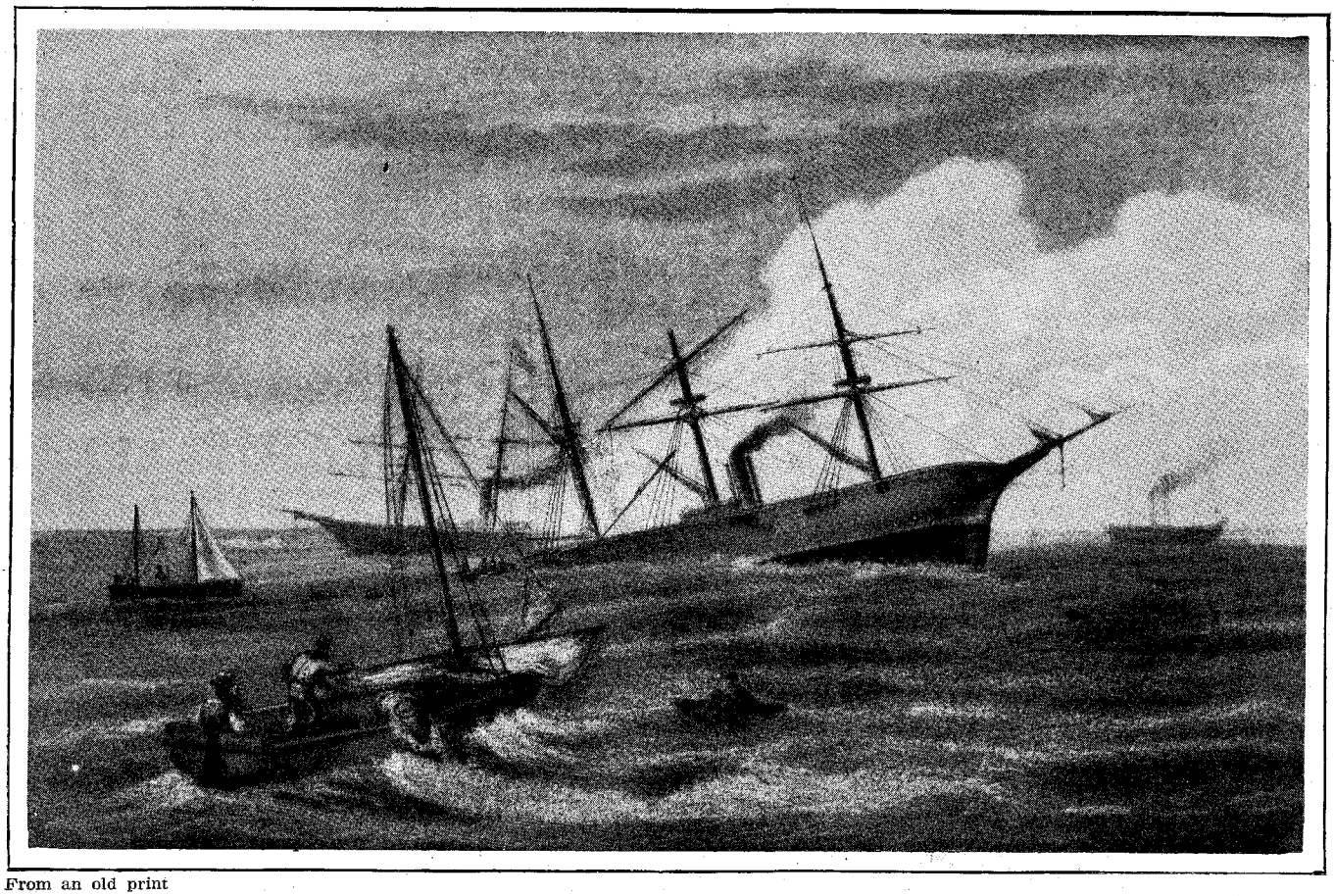

From an old print

WHEN THE KEARSARGE BROUGHT TO AN END THE CAREER IN THE ALABAMA OF GALLANT CAPTAIN SEMMES, SHE WROTE "FINIS" TO ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC CHAPTERS IN MODERN NAVAL HISTORY. BUT THAT HISTORIC BATTLE MARKED ALSO THE OPENING OF A NEW CHAPTER IN THE BOOK OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. EVEN THE BOLSHEVIKI OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND THE LESSON OF THAT CHAPTER AS IT APPLIES TO THEIR RECENT FANTASTIC DEMANDS. BUT FEW BOLSHEVIKI WILL READ MR. JOHNSON'S PERTINENT ARTICLE. THE MODERN RADICAL READS ONLY AUTHORITIES WITH WHOM HE AGREES

RUSSIA'S FIFTY-BILLION BILL

AND THE STORY OF AMERICA'S CLAIM FOR "INDIRECT DAMAGES" FIFTY YEARS AGO

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

IF anything could surpass the extravagance of Soviet Russia's claim against the Allied Powers of fifty billion rubles in gold as indemnity for the direct and indirect damages which that country is alleged to have suffered during and since the World War as results of their action, it would be her ineptitude in basing that claim, as she is said to do, upon the precedent set by the United States in its settlement of accounts with Great Britain after the Civil War. This will be obvious when we recall a chapter of history of fifty years ago, too much forgotten but pertinent to the present time; and it will also be obvious that Mr. Lloyd George acted in logical accord with the precedent of that former episode when he somewhat bluntly declared that if Russia persisted in making that claim there would be no object in her continuing in the Genoa Conference.

It is quite true that there was a proposal by some Americans to demand an enormous sum of "indirect damages" from Great Britain. It is equally true that if it had actually been made and insisted upon Great Britain would have withdrawn from—if, indeed, she ever would have entered—the Geneva Arbitration; that the best sentiment in America was opposed to the suggestion; and that the only result of its making was a few years' delay in the settlement of the legitimate issues between the two countries.

As early as October, 1863, more than a year after the "escape" of the Alabama from Liverpool and the stopping of the Confederate ironclads from a similar "escape" by the stern warning, "This means war," Charles Francis Adams, the American Minister to England, intimated to the British Government that this country would prefer claims against it for breaches of neutrality, and would be willing to submit them to any equitable form of arbitration. No reply was then made, but two years later, at the end of the war, the British Government specifically refused to submit the question of its liability for the Alabama's ravages to arbitration, because it held that its own law officers were the supreme interpreters of the British neutrality laws, though it was willing to join in the creation of a commission to which should be submitted such claims as it (the British Government) saw fit thus to receive for consideration. In this attitude Great Britain doubly erred, as some of her own statesmen have

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frankly confessed: First, in ignoring the international law against which she had sinned as well as against her own neutrality laws; and, second, in declining to go into court unless she herself could determine what charges should and what should not be made. The result was that negotiations were for a time suspended.

A year later, however, the British Government reversed that unfortunate and indeed untenable attitude, and indicated its readiness to arbitrate the Alabama claims. Some delay was occasioned by Mr. Adams's retirement, but his successor, Reverdy Johnson, took up the matter where he had laid it down, and early in 1869 negotiated with Lord Clarendon a convention for the settlement of the Alabama claims and all other matters at issue.

It was when this treaty was laid before the Senate for ratification that the demand for "indirect damages" arose. The chief spokesman of that demand was Charles Sumner, who was then Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. He took the ground that the British Government should be held responsible pecuniarily for all the indirect as well as direct losses which the United States had sustained in the war because of its conduct. If the Alabama had not been permitted to sail in the summer of 1862, he said, and if Great Britain had not permitted a Confederate loan to be subscribed, the war would have ended in 1863 instead of 1865. Therefore he held Great Britain responsible for the second half of the war, and insisted that she should be required to pay the entire costs of those two years, in round figures about two billion dollars. He made a strongly worded speech to that effect, and, although it was made in an executive or secret session of the Senate, he took pains to have it made public and as widely circulated as possible. Then, utilizing the intense partisan feeling against Andrew Johnson, who was then —after the futile attempt to impeach him—nearing the end of his term, Sumner rallied the Senate against the treaty, chiefly for the reason that it did not specifically provide for the arbitration of the "indirect damages." The result was that on April 13, 1869, the treaty was rejected by the overwhelming vote of 44 against it to only one cast in its favor.

Meantime Reverdy Johnson, warned by Seward that his treaty would be rejected, proposed to Lord Clarendon a modification of it so as to permit any claims whatever—even for "indirect damages"—to be laid before the Arbitral Commission, and then resigned his place as Minister, without waiting for a reply. There is little doubt that Clarendon would have refused the proposal. Certainly, as soon as Sumner's speech was read in London and the grounds on which the treaty was rejected were understood over there, an overwhelming official and popular sentiment arose against any arbitration or other attempt at settlement; because, it was argued, America would demand the two billions of "indirect damages," and of course Great Britain would refuse to consider the claim, and so the conference would fail, and there was no use in entering a conference that was in advance doomed to failure. The case was made still worse when that fine historian but poor diplomat John Lothrop Motley was sent as Minister to Great Britain, for he shared Sumner's views, and intimated that unless the "indirect damages" were considered favorably there was little hope of improving relations between the two countries.

Fortunately, Motley was soon withdrawn. But even then it was necessary to wait for some time, until the passions aroused on both sides of the ocean by Sumner's fulminations had in a measure subsided. At last, early in 1871, a Canadian statesman, Sir John Rose, undertook what proved to be successful mediation. His efforts were, indeed, at first menaced by Sumner, who, when asked by the Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish, what treaty terms would be acceptable to the Senate, again insisted upon "indirect damages," and in a written memorandum prescribed as a *sine qua non* of settlement Great Britain's withdrawal from Canada and all other possessions in the Western Hemisphere! The sequel to that amazing demand, and in some degree its result, was a revolt in the Senate which removed Sumner from the Chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee and assured a more reasonable policy in that body. A little later Sumner voted for ratification of the Treaty of Washington, although it made no more provision for "indirect damages" than had the Johnson-Clarendon convention, against which he had thundered and which had been rejected by an all but unanimous vote.

Once more the bogy of "indirect damages" was conjured up. Soon after the first meeting of the Geneva Tribunal, in December, 1871, some malicious marplot, whose identity is matter of conjecture, gave currency in England to a report that Sumner's claims for two billion dollars and the withdrawal of the British flag from the Western Hemisphere were to be approved by the United States Government and would be insisted upon by it at Geneva as essential to a settlement. For this there was not of course the slightest foundation in fact. But the report created much excitement, disquiet, and indignation in England; both parties demanded that any such action be resisted, and the Cabinet seriously considered the propriety of asking the American Government for assurances that no such claims would be preferred at Geneva as a necessary condition to continuance of the conference. The British Foreign Minister told General Schenck, the American Minister, that his Government could not admit that it was within the province of the Geneva Tribunal to consider claims for "indirect losses," and that statement was a few days later made in the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament. In the ensuing debate members of both parties insisted that no such claims should be admitted, though they spoke in a moderate and conciliatory tone, with the exception of William E. Gladstone, who fulminated furiously against the country for which at that time he had an intense animosity.

Sir Stafford Northcote brought matters to a head by saying publicly that he understood the American Commissioners to have promised that the indirect claims would not be made. This was repeated in Parliament and reported at Washington, and all the American Commissioners denied that any such promise had been made. Indeed, one of them, E. Rockwood Hoar, said that he had always understood that such claims were to be presented. A little later it was made clear that this apparent contradiction arose from a sheer misunderstanding. The American Commissioners realized the futility and worse of such claims, and wanted to drop them, but did not see how they could legally do so, seeing that they had been included in the presentation of the American case to the Tribunal. In order to give time for them to find a way out of the difficulty, the next meeting of the Tribunal was postponed from June 17 to June 19, 1872.

On the latter date the question was finally settled. Charles Francis Adams drafted a statement, which was unanimously adopted by the Tribunal, to the effect that, without expressing any opinion as to the difference over interpretation of the Treaty of Washington, the members of the Tribunal of Arbitration were individually and collectively convinced that claims for indirect damages did not, under international law, constitute a valid foundation for an award of compensation, and that therefore they must be wholly excluded from consideration by the Tribunal. That was the end of them. Nothing more was ever heard of indirect damages. And the Tribunal's award of $15,500,000 was hailed with satisfaction and enthusiasm throughout the United States as a wholly adequate indemnity.

Such is the "precedent" upon which the Soviet triumvirs are reported to base their claim of fifty billion gold rubles. It will be perceived that it counts against, rather than for, their extravagant demand, while it does give sanction to Mr. Lloyd George's prompt condemnation of that claim as something that cannot be considered by the Genoa Conference. One of these days the world may decree as a heroic measure for the prevention of war that a nation responsible for starting a war shall be held accountable for all losses caused by that war, directly and indirectly. But that day is not yet; and even if it were, that principle would not give sanction and validity to this fantastic claim of Soviet Russia.

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A YANKEE MOTHER IN ISRAEL

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

OF course I never saw her. She died years before I was born. But she left behind her a portrait so full of her personality that no living figure is more human to me than my great-grandmother.

I do not at all refer to the portrait over the dining-room mantelpiece, showing her as a withered old woman in a frilled cap, which by the time I was old enough to take an interest in her was the only tangible sign of her existence left in her old home. No; that might have been any withered old woman in a frilled cap.

There is another portrait of my great-grandmother not done on canvas with oils. Here are some of the strokes which have painted it for me.

WHEN I was about eight years old, I went out one day to watch old Lemuel Hager, who came once a year to mow the grass in the orchard back of the house. As he clinked the whetstone over the ringing steel of his scythe, he looked down at me and remarked: "You favor the Hawley side of the family, don't you? There's a look around your mouth sort o' like Aunt Almera, your grandmother—no—my sakes, you must be her great-granddaughter! Wa'l—think of that! And it don't seem more'n yesterday I saw her come stepping out same's you did just now; not so much bigger'n you are this minute, for all she must have been sixty years old then. She always was the *littlest* woman. But for all that she marched up to me, great lummox of a boy, and she said, 'Is it true, what I hear folks say, Lemuel, that you somehow got out of school without having learned how to read?' And I says, 'Why, Mis Canfield, to tell the truth, I never did seem to git the hang of books, and I never could seem to git up no sort of interest in 'em.'

"And she says back, 'Well, no great boy of eighteen in the town *I* live in is a-goin' to grow up without he knows how to read the Declaration of Independence,' says she. And she made me stop work for an hour—she paid me just the same for it—took me into the house, and started teaching me. Great land of love! if the teacher at school had 'a' taught me like that, I'd 'a' been a minister! I felt as though she'd cracked a hole in my head and was just pouring the l'arning in through a funnel. And 'twasn't more'n ten minutes before she found out 'twas my eyes the trouble. I was terrible near-sighted. Well, that was before the days when everybody wore specs. There wa'n't no way to git specs for me; but you couldn't stump Aunt Almera. She just grabbed up a sort of magnifying-glass that she used, she said, for her sewing, now her eyes were kind o' failing her, and she give it to me. 'I'll take bigger stitches,' says she, laughing; 'big stitches don't matter so much as reading for an American citizen.' Well, sir, she didn't forgit me; she kept at me to practice at home with my magnifying-glass, and it was years before I could git by the house without Aunt Almera come out on the porch and hollered to me, 'Lemuel, you come in for a minute and let me hear you read.' Sometimes it kind o' madded me, and sometimes it made me laugh, she was so old, and not much bigger'n my fist. But, by gol, I l'arned to read, and I have taken a sight of comfort out of it. I don't never set down in the evening and open up the Necronsett 'Journal' without I think of Aunt Almera Canfield.'"

ONE day I was sent over to Mrs. Pratt's to get some butter, and found it just out of the churn. So I sat down to wait till Mrs. Pratt should work it over, munching on a cookie out of her cookie jar and listening to her stream of talk—the chickens, the hailstorm of the other day, had my folks begun to make currant jelly yet? and so on—till she had finished and was shaping the butter into beautiful round pats. "This always puts me in mind of Aunt Almera," she said, interrupting an account of how the men had chased a woodchuck up a *tree*—who ever heard of such a thing? "Whenever I begin to make the pats, I remember when I was a girl working for her. She kept you right up to the mark, I tell you, and you ought to have seen how she lit into me when she found out some of the pats were just a little over a pound and some a little less. It was when she happened to have too much cream and she was 'trading in' the butter at the store. You'd have thought I'd stolen a fifty-cent piece to hear her go on! 'I sell those for a pound; they've got to *be* a pound,' says she, the way she always spoke, as though that ended it.

"'But, land sakes, Mis Canfield,' says I, 'an ounce or two one way or the other—it's as likely to be more as less, you know! What difference does it make? Nobody expects to make their pats just a pound! How could you?'

"'How could you? How could you?' says she. 'Why, just the way you get anything else the way it ought to be—by keeping at it till it *is* right. What other way is there?'

"I didn't think you could, I *knew* you couldn't; but you always had to do the way Mis Canfield said, and so I began grumbling under my breath about bossy, fussy old women. But she never minded what you *said* about her, so long as you did your work right, and I fussed and fussed, clipping off a little, and adding on a little, and weighing it between times. It was the awfulest bother you ever saw, because it spoiled the shape of your pat to cut at it so much, and you had to do it over again every time. Well, you wouldn't believe it, how soon I got the hang of it! She'd made me think about it so much, I got interested, and it wasn't any time at all before I could tell the heft of a pat to within a hair's breadth just by the feel of it in my hand. And I never forgot it. You never do forget that kind of thing. I brought up my whole family on that story. 'Now you do that spelling lesson,' I'd say to my Lucy, 'just the way Aunt Almera made me do the butter pats!'"

I WAS sitting on the steps of the Town Hall, trying to make a willow whistle, when the janitor came along and opened the door. "The Ladies' Aid are going to have a supper in the downstairs room," he explained, getting out a broom. I wandered in to visit with him while he swept and dusted the pleasant little community sitting-room where our village social gatherings were held. He moved an armchair and wiped off the frame of the big portrait of Lincoln. "Your great-grandmother gave that, do you know it?" he observed, and then, resting on the broom for a moment and beginning to laugh, "Did you ever hear how Aunt Almera got folks stirred up to do something about this room? Well, 'twas so *like* her! The place used to be the awfulest hole you ever saw. Years ago—oh, *years* ago, before there was a good county jail—they'd used it to lock up drunks in, or anybody that had to be locked up. Then after that the sheriff began to take prisoners down to the new jail. But nobody did anything to the room—it belongs to the town, you know, and nobody ever'll do anything that they think they can put off on the town. The women used to talk about it—what a nice place 'twould be for socials, and how 'twould keep the boys off the streets, and how they could have chicken suppers here, same as other towns, if this room was fixed up. But whose business was it to fix it up? The town's of course! And wa'n't the selectmen shiftless because they didn't see to it! But of course the selectmen didn't have the money to do anything. Nothing in the law about using tax money to fix up rooms for sociables, is there? And those were awful tight times, when money came hard and every cent of tax money had to be put to some good plain use. So the selectmen said *they* couldn't do anything. And nobody else would, because it wasn't anybody's business in particular, and nobody wanted to be put upon and made to do more than his share. And the room got dirtier and dirtier, with the lousy old mattress the last drunk had slept on right there on the floor in the corner,

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and broken chairs and old wooden boxes, and dust and dry leaves that had blown in through the windows when the panes of glass were broken—regular dumping-ground for trash.

"Well, one morning bright and early—I've heard my mother tell about it a thousand times—the first person that went by the Town Hall seen the door open and an awful rattling going on. He peeked in, and there was little old Aunt Almera, in a big gingham apron, her white hair sticking out from underneath a bandanna handkerchief, cleaning away to beat the band. She looked up, saw him standing and gaping at her, and says, just as though that was what she did every day for a living, 'Good-morning,' she says. 'Nice weather, isn't it?'

"He went away kind of quick, and told about her over in the store, and they looked out, and sure enough out she come, limping along (she had the rheumatism *bad*) and dragging that old mattress with her. She drug it out in front to a bare place, and poured some kerosene on it and set fire to it; and I guess by that time every family in the street was looking out at her from behind the window-shades. Then she went back in, leaving it there burning up, high and smoky, and in a minute out she came again with her dustpan full of trash. She flung that on the fire as if she'd been waiting all her life to have the chance to get it burned up, and went back for more. And there she was, bobbing back and forth all the fore part of the morning. Folks from the Lower Street that hadn't heard about it would come up for their mail, and just stop dead, to see the bonfire blazing and Aunt Almera limping out with maybe an old broken box full of junk in her arms. She'd always speak up just as pleasant and gentle to them—that made 'em feel queerer than anything else, Aunt Almera talking so mild! 'Well, folks, how are you this morning?' she'd say. 'And how are all the folks at home?' And then *slosh!* would go a pail of dirty water, for as soon as she got it swept out, didn't she get down on her creaking old marrow-bones and scrub the floor! All that afternoon every time anybody looked out, splash! there'd be Aunt Almera throwing away the water she'd been scrubbing the floor with. Folks felt about as big as a pint-cup by that time, but nobody could think of anything to do or say, for fear of what Aunt Almera might say back at them, and everybody was always kind o' slow about trying to stop her once she got started on anything. So they just kept indoors and looked at each other like born fools, till Aunt Almera crawled back home. It mighty nigh killed her, that day's work. She was all crippled up for a fortnight afterwards with rheumatism. But you'd better believe folks stirred around those two weeks, and when she was out and around again there was this room all fixed up just the way 'tis now, with furniture, and the floor painted, and white curtains to the windows, and all. Nobody said a word to her about it, and neither did she say a word when she saw it—she never was one to do any crowing over folks."

THE hassocks in our pew began to look shabby, and my aunt brought them home from church to put a fresh cover of carpeting on them. They suggested church, of course, and as she worked on them a great many reminiscences came to her mind. Here is one: "I used to love to ride horseback, and grandmother always made father let me, although he was afraid to have me. Well, one summer evening, right after supper I went for a little ride, and didn't get home till about half-past seven. As I rode into the yard I looked through the open windows, and there was grandmother putting her bonnet on; and it came to me in a flash that I'd promised to go to evening prayers with her. I was a grown-up young lady then, but I was scared! You did what you'd promised grandmother you would, or something happened. So I just fell off my horse, turned him out in the night pasture, saddle and all, and ran into the house. Grandmother was putting on her gloves, and, although she saw me with my great looped-up riding skirt on and my whip in my hand, she never said a word nor lifted an eyebrow; just went on wetting her fingers and pushing the gloves down on them as though I was ready with my best hat on. That scared me worse than ever. I tore into my room, slipped off my skirt, put on another right over my riding trousers, slammed on a hat, threw a long cape around me, and grabbed my gloves. As the last bell began to ring and grandmother stepped out of the house, I stepped out beside her, all right as to the outer layer, but with the perspiration streaming down my face. I'd hurried so, and those great thick riding trousers were so hot under my woolen skirt! My! I thought I'd die! And it was worse in the church! Over in our dark, close corner pew there wasn't a breath of air. It must have been a hundred by the thermometer. I was so hot I just had to do something or die! There weren't but a few people in the church, and nobody anywhere near our corner, and it was as dark as could be, back in our high pew. So when we knelt down for the General Confession I gathered the cape all around me, reached up under my full skirt, unbuttoned those awful riding trousers, and just cautiously slipped them off. My! What a relief it was! Grandmother felt me rustling around and looked over sharp at me, to see what I was doing. When she saw the riding trousers, she looked shocked and frowned; but I guess I must have looked terribly hot and red, so she didn't say anything. Well, I knew it was an awful thing to do in church, and I was so afraid maybe somebody *had* seen me, although old Dr. Skinner, the rector, was the only one high enough up to look over the pew-top, and he was looking at his Prayer-Book. But I felt as mean as though he'd been looking right at me. Well, he finally got through the prayers and began on the First Lesson. It was something out of the Old Testament, that part about how the Jews went back and repaired the ruined walls of Jerusalem, each one taking a broken place for his special job, and then how they got scared away, all but a few, from the holes in the walls they were trying to fix up. Dr. Skinner always read the lessons very loud and solemn, as though he were reading them right at somebody, and he'd sort of turn from one to another in the congregation with his forefinger pointed at them, as if he meant that just for them. What *do* you suppose I felt like when he turned right towards our corner and leaned 'way over and shook his finger at me, and said in a loud, blaming tone, 'But Asher continued and *abode* in *his* breaches!' I gave a little gasp, and grandmother turned towards me quick. When she saw the expression on my face (I guess I must have looked funny), she just burst right out into that great laugh of hers—ha! ha! ha! She laughed so she couldn't stop, and had to actually get up and go out of church, her handkerchief stuffed into her mouth. We could hear her laughing as she went down the walk outside!

"You'd have thought she'd be mortified, wouldn't you? *I* was mortified almost to death! But she wasn't a bit. She laughed every time she thought of it, for years after that. It was just like her! She did love a good laugh! Let anything happen that struck her as funny, and she'd laugh, no *matter* what!"

Later on, as we carried the hassocks back to the church and put them in our pew, my aunt said, reflectively, looking round the empty church: "I never come in here that I don't remember how grandmother used to say the Creed, loud and strong—she always spoke up so clear: 'From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost: The Holy Catholic Church: The Communion of Saints: The Forgiveness of sins—' and then she'd stop dead, while everybody went on, 'The Resurrection of the body;' and then she'd chime in again, 'And the Life everlasting, Amen.' You couldn't help noticing it, she took the greatest pains you should. But she always said, if anybody said anything about it, that she didn't believe in the resurrection of the body, and she wasn't going to say she did. Sometimes the ministers would get wrought up, and one of them went to the bishop about it, but nobody ever did anything. What *could* you do? And grandmother went right on saying the Creed that way to the day of her death."

ONCE I was taken to see an old Irishwoman who had come, as a young girl, from Ireland just after the great famine in '48, and had gone to work for

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great-grandmother, who was then sixty-three years old. She told me this story, in her thick, thick early-nineteenth-century brogue, which I will not try to reproduce here: "There was a pretty girl, young and happy-looking, that lived up the road with her father, a poor weak rag of a man with a backbone like a piece of string, and with her stepmother, a hard woman, her heart made of a flint-stone. And when they found out the girl was in trouble, and her sweetheart that was the cause of it off up in the North Country for the winter to work as a lumberjack, didn't they turn the poor girl out—yes, out like a dog. And old Mrs. Canfield—that was some kin to you, I forget what—where I was working, she went right out and brought her in, and kept her there safe and sound all winter, treating her as nice as anybody, letting her sew to pay for her keep, and helping her make the baby clothes. She'd go with her to church every Sunday, the girl right on her arm, and nobody daring to say a word, for fear of old Mrs. Canfield's tongue. 'For,' she used to say, 'let 'em say a word if they dare, and I'll tell a few things I know about some folks in this town who had to be married in a hurry, and whose babies came into the world ahead of time.' You see, she was so old she knew everything that had happened from the beginning almost. She'd say, 'There's lots worse things done every day in this town,' she'd say, and nobody to answer her back a word.

"But behind her back everybody was thinking it very certain that the man would never come back, and if he did, he'd never own the child, nor have anything to do with Margaret, poor girl! You see, in those days there weren't any mails that were carried 'way back off in the woods, and she neither had any word of him nor he of her. Well, old Mrs. Canfield knew what they were saying all right—she knew what everybody was saying—and I could see that she was troubled in her mind, though she never lowered her high head by an inch. Margaret's time drew near, and no sign from John Dawson, that was away. But Margaret never lost her faith in him a minute. 'When John is back,' she'd say, just as sure of him as though they'd been married by the priest; but I could see old Mrs. Canfield look queer when she'd hear Margaret talking that way.

"And then one morning, in April 'twas, and we'd all the doors and windows open for the first time, Margaret had gone down the walk to look at the lilac bush to see if there were any buds on it, and around the corner came John Dawson!

"Her back was to him and he hadn't any idea she was there, so when she turned round, they stared at each other for just a minute, as if they'd never seen each other. Margaret stood there, just frozen, now the moment had come, just waiting like a little scared, helpless—I had the half of me hanging out the kitchen window to see what would happen, and I'll never forget it—never—never—never—the look on his face, the astounded look on his face, so full of pity and love, so strong with pity and love. 'Margie! *Margie!*' he said in a loud voice, and threw his sack off his back and his gun from his hand, and ran, ran to take her in his arms, so gentle, so strong.

"Well, when I could see again, I went off to tell old Mrs. Canfield, and there was the old lady in her own bedroom, standing bolt upright in the middle of the floor, and crying at the top of her voice. Her wrinkled old face was just a-sop with tears. Faith, but it was the grand cry she was having! And the good it did her! When she came to, she says to me, 'Well,' says she, 'folks aren't so cussed as they seem, are they?'

"And then we went downstairs to get out the fruit-cake and the brandied peaches; for the minister married them in our parlor that afternoon."

One day old Mr. Morgan, the one-armed Civil War veteran, took me along with him, to get out of the buck-board and open gates, on the back road along the river. He was going up to a hill pasture to salt his sheep. It took forever to get there, because his horse was so slow, and he had time to tell me a great many stories. This was one of them: "When I was a boy at school, I worked at Aunt Almera Canfield's doing chores night and morning. I remember how she used to loosen herself up in the morning. She was terribly rheumaticky, but she wouldn't give in to it. Every morning she'd be all stiffened up so she couldn't stand up straight, nor hardly move her legs at all; but she'd get herself dressed somehow, and then two of her sons came in to help her get started. She'd make them take hold of her, one on each side, and walk her around the room. It was awful to hear how she'd yell out—yell as though they were killing her! And then they'd stop, the sweat on their faces to see how it hurt her, and then she'd yell at them to go on, go on, *she* hadn't asked them to stop! They were over sixty, both of them, with grandchildren themselves, but they didn't dare not do what she said, and they'd walk her round again. She'd kick her poor legs out in front of her hard, to get the joints limbered up, and holler with the pain, and kick them out again, till by and by she'd get so she could go by herself, and she'd be all right for the day. I tell you, I often think of that. Yes, lots of times, it comes back to me."

Up in the sheep pasture, as we sat to rest the horse, he told me this: "I always thought Aunt Almera knew all about the John Brown raid before most folks did—maybe she sent some money to help him. She wasn't a bit surprised, anyhow, when she heard of it, and all through the whole business she never thought of another thing, nor let anybody else. He was caught—any of us that lived in that house those days will never forget a one of those dates—and put in jail on the 9th of October, and his trial lasted until the 31st. Aunt Almera made us get together in the evenings, me and the hired girl and one of her grandsons and her daughter, all the family, and she'd read aloud to us out of the 'Tribune' about what had happened that day at his trial. I never saw her so worked up about anything—just like ashes her old face was, and her voice like cold steel. We got as excited about it as she did, all of us, especially her grandson, that was about my age, and when we knew he was going to be hanged—and the day of his execution—December 2d, it was—Aunt Almera came at dawn to wake me up. 'Put on your clothes,' says she, 'and go over to the church and begin to toll the bell.' I didn't need to ask her what for, either. I'll never forget how awful she looked to me.

"Well, we tolled the bell all day long, one or the other of the family, never stopped a minute. You never heard anything so like death. All day long that slow, deep clang—and then a stillness—and then *clang!* again. I could hear it in my head for days afterwards. Folks came in from all around to find out what it meant, and Aunt Almera called them all into her parlor—she sat there all day and never ate a mouthful of food—and *told* them what it meant, so they couldn't ever get the sound of her voice out of their ears. Between times she'd read to whoever was there out of the Bible, in a loud voice, 'Avenge thou thy cause, O Lord God of battles,' and 'It is time for thee, O Lord, to lay to thy hand, for they have destroyed thy law,' and 'Let there be no man to pity them; nor to have compassion of their fatherless children.' It was the darndest thing to hear her!

"You'd better believe when the first call for men came from Washington there wasn't a boy of military age in our town that didn't enlist!"

An old, old cousin had just died, and as we sat downstairs talking with the doctor, he said to my aunt, who had been taking care of the sick woman: "She took it hard! She took it hard!"

They both frowned, and my aunt looked rather sick. Then the doctor said, "Not much like your grandmother, do you remember?" "Oh, yes, I remember," said my aunt, her face quivering, her eyes misty, her lips smiling. The doctor explained to me: "Your great-grandmother was an old, old woman before she ever was really sick at all, except for rheumatism. And then she had a stroke of paralysis that left her right side dead. She lived four days that way—the only days she'd spent in bed in years, since she was a young woman, I suppose. Her mind wasn't very clear, she couldn't talk so that we could understand her, and I don't think she rightly knew anybody after her stroke. I guess she went back, 'way back, for we saw

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from what she did that she thought she had a little baby with her. I suppose she thought she was a young mother again, and that was why she was in bed. She'd spread out her arm, very gentle and slow, the only arm she could move, so's to make a hollow place for a little head, and then she'd lie there, so satisfied and peaceful, her face just shining as if she felt a little warm, breathing baby there. And sometimes she'd half wake up and stretch out her hand and seem to stroke the baby's head or snuggle it up closer to her, and then she'd give a long sigh of comfort to find it there, and drop off to sleep again, smiling. And she'd always remember, even in her sleep, to keep her arm curved around so there'd be room for the baby; and even in her sleep her face had that shining love on it—that old wrinkled face, with that look on it! I've seen lots of death-beds, but I never—" he stopped for a moment.

"Why, at the very last—do you remember?"—he went on to my aunt, "I thought she was asleep, but as I moved a chair she opened her eyes quickly, looked down as if to see whether I had wakened the baby, and looked at me, to warn me to be quiet, her finger at her lips, 'Sh!' she whispered.

"And that was the way she died."

NOON

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

At noon I watched
In the large hollow of eternal heaven
A soaring hawk climb slowly toward the sun
Upward, in adoration without end.
His flight was a great prayer.

OLD CHINOOK SURPRISES THE PARSON

BY PEARSE PINCH

I MET "Old Chinook" from away out West the other day, right here on the streets of Washington. Somehow I vaguely sensed his presence before he appeared, as I used to do out West. There he would come softly whistling or humming an air from one of the great operas, learned he would never tell where. I think he must have been whistling along the street the day I met him. We called him "Chinook" because, like that famous wind, he used to arrive so unexpectedly, and the frost lost its grip on everything at his coming. His jubilant greeting the other day drove the chill from the air, and spring seemed to be here in full tide.

"Well, Parson," he exclaimed, "where on earth did you come from, and how came you here?"

We were soon up to our ears in question and answer as to what had befallen each since the day our trails parted out there in Wyoming. "What are you doing?" he asked. "Still preachin', or workin' for Uncle Sam?"

"Preaching," I answered. "That's my work; and I could hardly do anything else, if I would; and wouldn't, if I could."

"I s'pose so," he replied. "But don't you get awfully tired of it sometimes?"

"Why should I?" I questioned in turn.

"Oh, I w's just thinkin'." Then, with a sudden turn, he seemed to be off on another tack. "By the way," he said, "how many railways run out to that town where you're preachin'?"

"Only one," I informed him, "and that is all the traffic would sustain."

"Why don't you have half a dozen?" he asked.

"Why should we," I asked, "when one barely pays?"

"Well, you see," he answered, "there are so many ways of building and running railways that every community, it seems, ought to have the advantage of them all."

"Why, man, what do you mean?" I asked. "What are you driving at, anyway?"

I knew he had something up his sleeve which he was taking a roundabout way, not uncommon with him, to produce.

He went on: "You see, there are the several kinds of power. Some like the old way, of running cars by steam. They think it more reliable, like other old things. Others like the trolley, because the cars can run oftener, and accommodate passengers any hour of the day. You know that road of ours out West? Well, they are burning oil on that branch, and nothing else. I met an old fellow up the river who is always recalling the time when the engines had nothing but wood, and he thought it more homelike than any of these newfangled ways."

"But," I said, "all of that would be no reason for building a half-dozen roads out to our place."

"There are other things to consider," he persisted. "There are different styles in building cars. There are different kinds of platforms to get in on. There's no end of variety in choice of routes. One road could follow the hills, and another the valleys. Some folks are never happy unless they can be riding somewhere within sight of bodies of water."

I thought I began to see the direction of Chinook's parable, but to further call him out I began a protest against the whole idea.

"You know perfectly well, Chinook," I said, "that you are talking nonsense. As it is, our road is well patronized. The cars are well filled, and often crowded. A whole neighborhood of commuters ride together, and it makes a big neighborhood sociable between our town and Washington morning and night, as cheerful and friendly a crowd as you ever saw. The road, I understand, is fairly prosperous. But if we had five or six roads, they would divide the crowd into sorry little handfuls, some becoming partisans of one road, and some of another. It would all tend to breed neighborhood dissension. As a business policy it would be suicidal, and every road would be bankrupt. I can't imagine anything more senseless."

"I know something more senseless," Chinook replied.

"In the name of all that's foolish, what is it?" I asked.

"The policy of the churches; for they are doing worse than the thing you describe as so disastrous in railroading. That's why I wondered if you don't get awfully tired of preachin'."

Chinook's parable had me tight. I confessed that the policy of our churches is a grievous trial to any man who wants to be a preacher and still be a man.

"And yet," I protested, "things will never become any better if those of us who want another policy abandon the field and leave it to the partisans who want nothing but division. I try to make my church broad enough to include all who want a larger type of Christian life."

"No chance, Parson," replied Chinook. "Folks seem to like narrow and partisan ways in everything. I don't know that they are any worse in religion than in other things; but somehow it looks smaller and more contemptible in religion; and they are smaller and more contemptible when they are narrow and partisan in a thing so big as religion. You may as well give it up, Parson, and come back with me into God's great big churchless outdoors."

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SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

(C) Paul Thompson

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, LADY DOYLE, AND THEIR CHILDREN LOOKING AT NEW YORK CITY FROM THE ROOF OF THE AMBASSADOR HOTEL

THE years when Conan Doyle was not as yet my hero are faint in the mists of childhood. At first he was Sherlock Holmes, tall and slender, stooped, with keen features and nervous hands (like William Gillette's, which I was not to see on the stage for two decades). From my fellow-cowboys I used to hear tales of Buffalo Bill, who had been their associate and who fitted into our life, for he was indeed part of it. But Sherlock Holmes was equally real to me, though he belonged to the strange world of hansom cabs and street lamps seen hazily through a drizzling rain, which, somehow, I imagined could not at all resemble the drizzle that soaked me to the skin as I rode herd. To me Sherlock Holmes was a vivid, resilient figure moving through a blurred, unreal London—unreal so far as concerned St. Paul's or the Tower, though I could always see a cameo face at the window of the one substantial house of a gossamer city, No. 221 Baker Street.

It was Sherlock Holmes that was real; his pen-name was Conan Doyle.

Sherlock Holmes was my hero because he was not handsome and muscular and stupid like the knights of the mediæval romances that were then coming into fashion. In him the body was incidental to the mind. He fought with a weapon keener than steel, the one weapon (as I then thought) of the future. At that and in my next stage of development I saw no excitement (but great anthropological interest) in a football game—a pageant, I conceived it, of our caveman ancestry. My thrills were in debate and in chess. The reign of brute force was over and the intellect had come to rule. That idea did not leave my head till 1914. I am not fully over it yet, for I sometimes think brains may have had something to do with winning the war.

While still a college student I worked my way over to Europe. Had I been able to cross two years earlier, I should probably have made a pilgrimage to many literary shrines, among them Stratford and "The Abbey." When I did get across, I had a notion to visit the Doone country, but the only shrine I actually searched for was 221 Baker Street. Of course it was not there. The absence of the house made the tenant more real, through relief from a suspense not acknowledged. One feels so much better about the gods if they are in the sky and not perched on a hill like Olympus. They are so much safer in the sky.

Now that 221 Baker Street had through its absence relieved me of my one (unconscious) misgiving about Sherlock Holmes, I forgot any curiosity I might have had about Conan Doyle. For I could feel the nearness of Holmes (who was Doyle) in every crowded street. Especially in fogs and at night he peered at me out of passing hansoms and stepped aside to let me pass through dark and narrow alleys. Why should I search for a man who brushed against me in every crowd? Busy as he was, why should I bother him? So I went from theater to theater seeking instead I knew not what. At last I found Bernard Shaw and a statement, if not a solution, of the Irish question in what is still my favorite Shaw play—"John Bull's Other Island."

It was on my third visit to England that a friend of mine who was a friend of Doyle's took it upon himself to bring us together. I have heard this friend tell that I wanted to meet Doyle because I thought him the greatest man in England. That was not my point of view. I have not thought deeply nor analytically about who may be the greatest man in England. What I felt was that, apart from the friends I knew well enough to need no exchange of words with them to find them good company, there was but one personality I realized in England—Sherlock Holmes, who as yet was Conan Doyle.

But when I first met Conan Doyle he was Dr. Watson. This was a hard trial for Sherlock Holmes. A personality less individual than his would have lost ground. To him it gave added strength. On coming to the top of Olympus I realized that I had always subconsciously known that the gods would not be visible to a casual eye. No real gods would be. Invisibility is an attribute of the godhead, to the disciple a precious sign confirming his belief.

Not merely at first was Conan Doyle Dr. Watson. He still is. But Sherlock Holmes has gradually asserted himself. Dr. Watson's kindness, his unselfish way of refusing to take the center of the stage, his generous interest in friends and mere people and in simple things (even in the weather), at first make him appear as a single personality. But he is really a composite personality, and you presently catch the analytic mind of Holmes peering out at you. The penetration he applies to his problems in crime is focused, and you feel that he reads legible upon the innermost walls of your mind things that even you did not know were there. Still, Sherlock Holmes under these conditions seems to suffer a strange astigmatism, for when he looks at you through the kind eyes of Conan Doyle he sees little but the good. Your weaknesses and wickednesses have to be pretty conspicuous if he sees them at all.

In his home Conan Doyle is not merely a sturdier Watson and a kinder Holmes. He is also a gentler Sir Nigel and a mellow blend of all the host of his nobler characters. Lady Doyle, Denis, Malcolm, and wistful little "Billy" are there in appropriate settings as proxies for the fair ladies, sturdy lads, and dainty little maidens of his wholesome books.

But to Sir Arthur this is not his whole family. His son Kingsley fought without serious hurt through more than

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half the war. Then, because he had been a medical student and surgeons were needed at the front, he was sent back to England to his studies and to his death from pneumonia. Some time after that, with a conventional outlook and a literal acceptance of the formula "dust to dust," I came into a family where Kingsley still occupied a place no less than Malcolm and Denis, and I gradually learned to adjust myself to a new relation between those who are living and those who are called dead.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is now in America to preach the gospel which enables Kingsley to keep his place as a loved member of the family at the side of his brothers and sisters. Sir Arthur is a better spokesman for himself and for his case than any of us who are his devoted friends. He will probably address himself to his audience with such direct simplicity that there will be no ovations. Let us hope, for our sakes rather than his, that we listen with the attention given Paul at Athens. He speaks with the same sincerity, with the same conviction, that he brings a new revelation of truth and power.

His plea is only the plea of Paul: "Prove all things. Hold fast that which is good."

THE SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA

AN ESTIMATE OF GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER

BY AGNES REPPLIER

IF Mr. George Wharton Pepper be re-elected to the United States Senate, he will refute the emasculated creed that political life is a strong but dirty current, unfit for clean swimmers. This creed, subscribed to for the most part out of sheer apathy, has robbed the Republic of thousands of her ablest sons. They have held back, fearing rough contact and possible contamination. They have considered honor and honesty to be private luxuries which must be safeguarded from the public need.

Mr. Pepper has much to give and little to get in offering his services to his country. A lawyer of distinction, he has achieved success in his profession as the reward of engrossing toil. Since the year 1889, when he was graduated from the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, class orator, and winner of the Sharswood prize and of the Pemberton Morris prize, his life has been one of strenuous endeavor. In the year of his graduation he published "The Border Land of Federal and State Decisions;" in 1891, "Pleading at Common Law under the Codes;" in 1901, "Digest of the Laws of Pennsylvania." For four years he edited the "American Law Register and Review." He is general counsel for the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, the Philadelphia Trust Company, and the Philadelphia National Bank. He possesses that accurate knowledge of code and Constitution which is of inestimable service in public affairs. His examination of witnesses before the Congressional Joint Committee in the Ballinger-Pinchot case was so masterly as to attract general attention. He displayed on this occasion an extraordinary skill and a steady self-control combined with that certainty of information which is particularly comforting to his clients.

When Mr. Root lamented that "democracies are always in trouble," he understood the perils of a representative system which depends upon rationality as well as upon liberty, upon wisdom in choosing no less than upon freedom of choice. Some measure of responsibility for his country's well-being rests with every voter. He casts his ballot unconcernedly, as if it didn't matter in the least; but it is he who wins the reward of his wisdom or who pays the penalty of his errors. There have been times when the persistent election of incapable legislators has so reduced the level of the Nation's efficiency that the American citizen could only shrug despairing shoulders and say with the British soldier: "It's comfortable feeling as 'ow you're so wet that you can't get no wetter no'ow." There have been times—few and far between—when the courage and sanity of American lawmakers have arrested the attention of the world. The resources of our manhood are as limitless as the resources of our mines and farm lands; but much is lost by misdirection. "If citizens will not elect able and honest men as their agents," says ex-Senator Beveridge, "they must suffer the consequences of their indifference to their own welfare."

The influence and authority of the Senate have increased immeasurably during the last decade. More than one observer has pointed out that, while the House has declined until it is a negligible factor, the Senate waxes stronger every year. The struggle between the legislative bodies and the Executive, the unconcealed hostility which nullifies where it should construct and thwarts where it should amend, is not particularly helpful to the Nation. We are just as tired of war in Washington as of war in Europe. We want peace, and a rational understanding, and mutual concessions, and the triumph of common sense.

Therefore—the Senate being all-powerful—it is well to think soberly before electing a Senator. Therefore a moiety of Pennsylvanians have in mind a man of grave serenity, disciplined intellect, and balanced judgment, who can be trusted—having been already tried—not to go off his head when the first volley of words is fired. A knowledge of law has saved him from grave blunders, a knowledge of the world from the hopeless sentimentalism which alternates with selfish greed. It sometimes seems as though Congress ceases to be illiberal only when it has a chance of becoming sentimental, and it is hard to say which mood is more injurious to the Nation. Mr. Pepper may be said to represent the type of mind which Mr. Henry Adams (a man not lavish of praise) recognized in his day as characteristically Pennsylvanian and credited with good working qualities: "In practical matters it is the steadiest of all minds; perhaps the most efficient; certainly the safest."

The practicality of a lawyer's mind is touched on every side by abstract considerations. Mr. Pepper's relations to labor illustrate this point. He has more than once represented the contractors in equity suits to restrain secondary boycotts, and the decisions then obtained have been accepted by union workers. On the other hand, he refused a retainer from the Merchant Tailors Association when he believed the union to be within its rights. And he mediated successfully in the Kensington textile strikes when there was ground for common agreement. One year's hard work he devoted to the Committee on Constitutional Revision, paying his own expenses in Harrisburg and gaining little but the pleasure of accomplishment. In this case, as in others, it might have been said of him, "His service was in the endeavor only, and not in the fruits thereof."

In the direful autumn of 1914, when Americans, aghast and bewildered, were swayed alternately by generous indignation and a demoralizing sense of security, Mr. Pepper refused once and for all to be morally anæsthetized. He advocated a National protest against the violation of Belgium's neutrality, and the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany in the event of the protest being disregarded. This was not a popular stand to take. It ran counter to a long-cherished policy of non-interference, and it threatened vexation and internal discord. "Keep out of trouble," was the prevailing sentiment. The devout talked about peace, the cynical talked about profits; both concurred in denying any responsibility for the assaulted decencies of civilization.

There were men, old and young, to whom acquiescence in evil was an intel-

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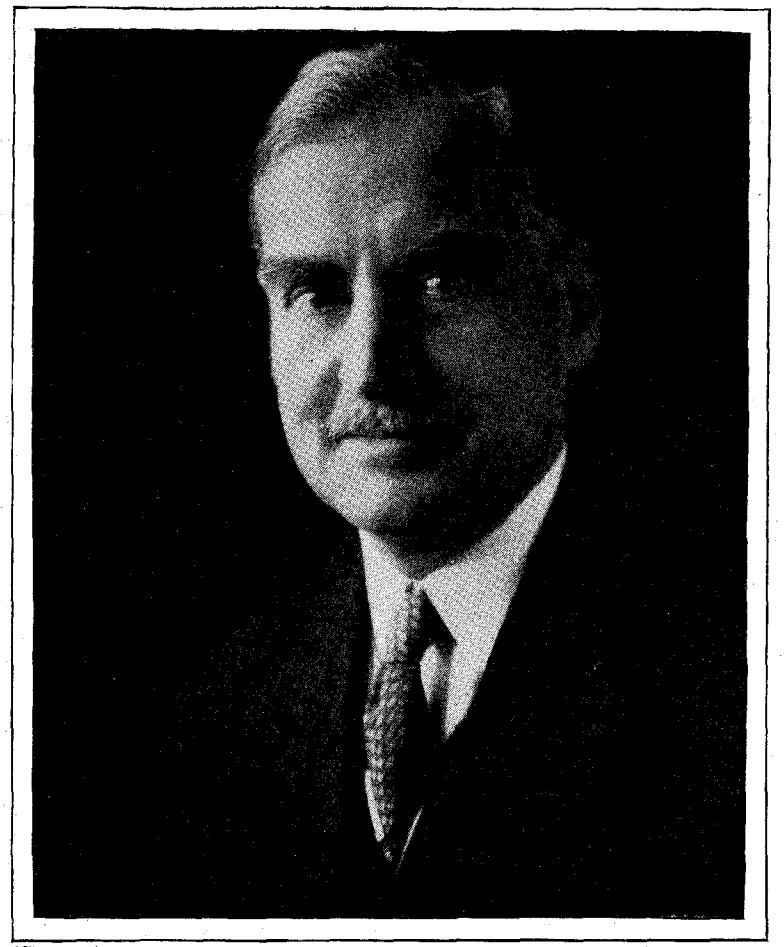

(C) Harris & Ewing

GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER, SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA

lectual impossibility. Mr. William Dean Howells, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. W. W. Keen, flamed with a noble anger which swept them back half a century to their lost youth. Theodore Roosevelt voiced the shamed manhood of the Nation. Mr. Pepper, too generous to enjoy an ignoble safety and too far-sighted to believe it could be permanently trusted to the hard-pressed armies of France and England, watched with concern Germany's deepening hostility, and gave his active support to Major-General Leonard Wood's campaign of preparedness. He enrolled for training in Plattsburg. He was color sergeant of the First Provisional Regiment in 1915, and sergeant in Company H of the Ninth Regiment in 1916. In the welter of emotions evoked by sudden and vast calamity, this Philadelphia lawyer held fast to Newman's simple words: "The best prudence is to have no fear."

The entrance of the United States into the war imposed new obligations upon all loyal citizens. For two years Mr. Pepper served as Chairman of the Pennsylvania Council of National Defense. Even in his hard-worked life he had never shouldered duties which were, to use his own words, more "back-breaking." His great-great-grandfather, Thomas Wharton, had served in the same capacity—Chairman of the Pennsylvania Council of Safety—during the War of the Revolution. The average voter is apt to look adversely upon *any* candidate whose ancestors are a known quantity; but there is an aptness in this succession of offices—offices as strenuous as they were unremunerative—which should disarm the deep-rooted prejudices of democracy.

Mr. Pepper was appointed to the United States Senate by Governor Sproul in the winter of 1922, to fill the chair vacated by the death of the redoubtable old king-maker, Senator Boies Penrose. He is now a candidate for reelection. Should he win out, his triumph would mark an era in the political history of Pennsylvania. He is in no sense one of the "ordinary men" for whom we have been told officially—but I 'hope mistakenly—that "America was made." He is rather one of the extraordinary men who are perhaps made for America, who take to duties as a duck takes to water, who face responsibilities and carry burdens all their lives. He has been a force in his own city and State. It remains to be seen whether or not he is desired as a force in the country. Under any circumstances, life holds for him work in plenty, and honor, and esteem, and the old fighting faith that these things are well worth living for. The traditions of freedom warm his blood, and the stability of common sense steadies and animates his mind.

THE PETTY SOUL

BY FAITH BALDWIN

I

Oh, if I go to heaven,
I'll find it neat and small,
With paved and pleasant footpaths,
And nothing grand at all.

II

The wide fields of the blessèd,
They give on hill and sea,
But unhorizoned beauty
Is not for souls like me.

III

My barren-breasted virtues
Would be too ill at ease.
A little heaven's harbor
Is best for such as these.

IV

And should hell be my portion,
I shall not know that one
Where gorgeous sinners shudder
From sins which hide the sun.

V

A little hell awaits me
Of little sins and mean,
A makeshift hell of hearsay,
Hypocrisy, and spleen.

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STRIKELESS FORT WORTH

IMPRESSIONS OF THE GATEWAY TO TEXAS AND ITS ENERGETIC PEOPLE—ITS SPECTACULAR SKY-LINE AND RAILWAY BUILDING—HOW IT MAINTAINED ITS CREDIT AT A CRITICAL HOUR—THE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN ITS BOSSES AND EMPLOYED

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

THE motion-picture Texan and the real Texan are two different persons altogether. The Texas cities we see depicted in movie reels, where intoxicated, gun-toting cow-punchers wreck an entire town for mere sport, are altogether a different picture from the one that appears before the eyes of expectant visitors. The Fort Worth sky-line reminded me of lower Broadway. Against the prairie it looms up something like Mount McKinley in Alaska.

The movie thrillers would have us believe that those who dwell on the southwest prairie, where cow-punchers to-day actually still exist, live in little shacks that can be pulled over by a celebrating rounder with a lariat and a cayuse. Possibly the directors of some of these films had indulged in too much "white mule" when they wrote the Texas scenes "true to nature." Texas cities resemble Los Angeles more than any other urban section of America. I believe I saw more attractive homes in Fort Worth than in any other section I have visited in this country outside of Los Angeles.

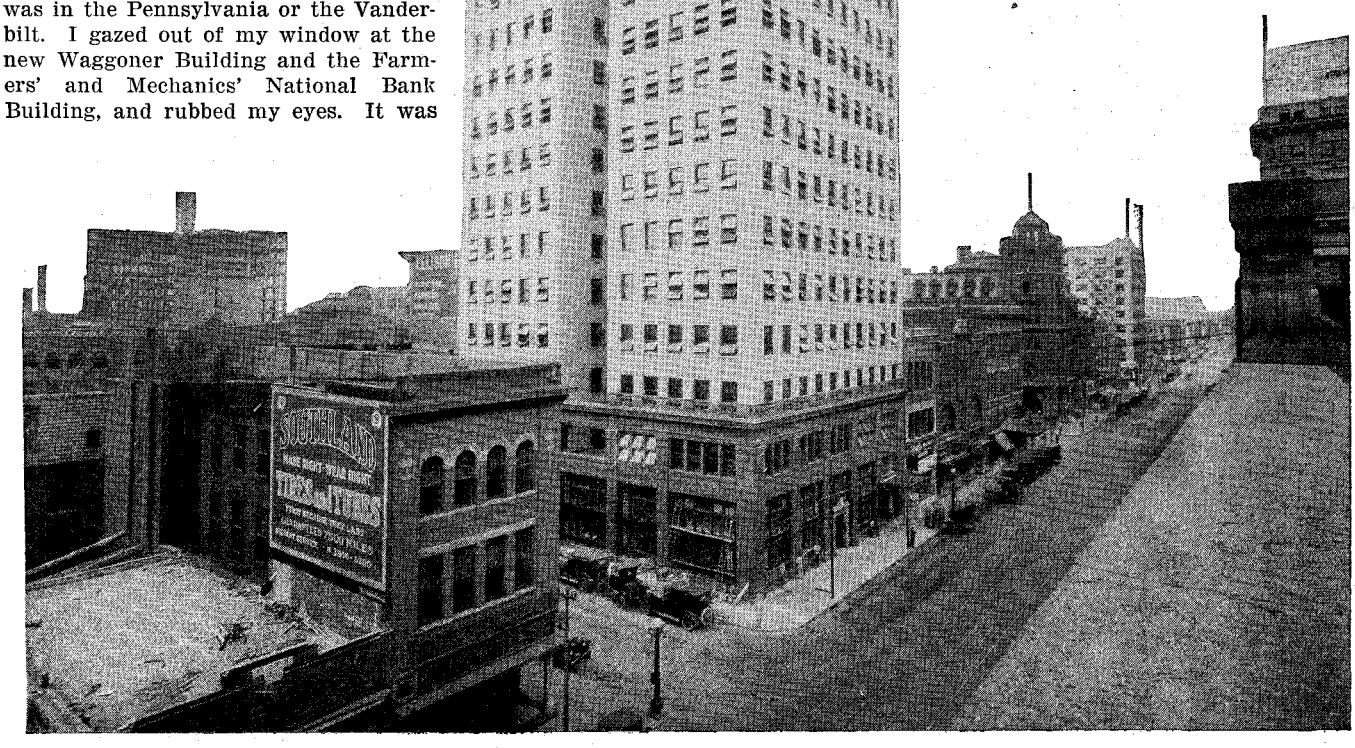
In a section of the country where there were supposed to be wild cow-punchers, grease grass, and cactus I found myself in a $4,000,000 hotel. When taken to my room, I thought I was in the Pennsylvania or the Vanderbilt. I gazed out of my window at the new Waggoner Building and the Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank Building, and rubbed my eyes. It was about the same kind of a sight one would get looking south from the New York City Hall toward the Woolworth Building.

An hour later, while talking to the President of the Chamber of Commerce, I asked how they were able to build such a gigantic hotel in a city of a hundred-odd thousand, when there were other cities five times that population with nothing like it.

"Oh," he answered, casually, "a few progressive citizens decided that we needed a real hotel. They got together and raised $1,200,000 to start the ball rolling in less than three hours."

At a business men's luncheon that day I saw a half-dozen propositions put through that involved fair-sized sums of money. It was raised in a few minutes without any prompting from the chairman. Here was the kind of spirit that builds cities. I could visualize, as I watched these subscriptions quickly raised, the spirit behind the men who built the Fort Worth sky-line; whose ancestors had fallen at the Alamo, had beaten Santa Anna into submission, and gained their independence from Mexico; established a Republic; elected a President; and then gladly became a part of the United States.

The early history of the building of railways through Fort Worth bears witness to the class of men who resided in that section then, and whose descend-



THE W. T. WAGGONER BUILDING, ONE OF THE TOWERS THAT LOOMS IN THE FORT WORTH SKYLINE

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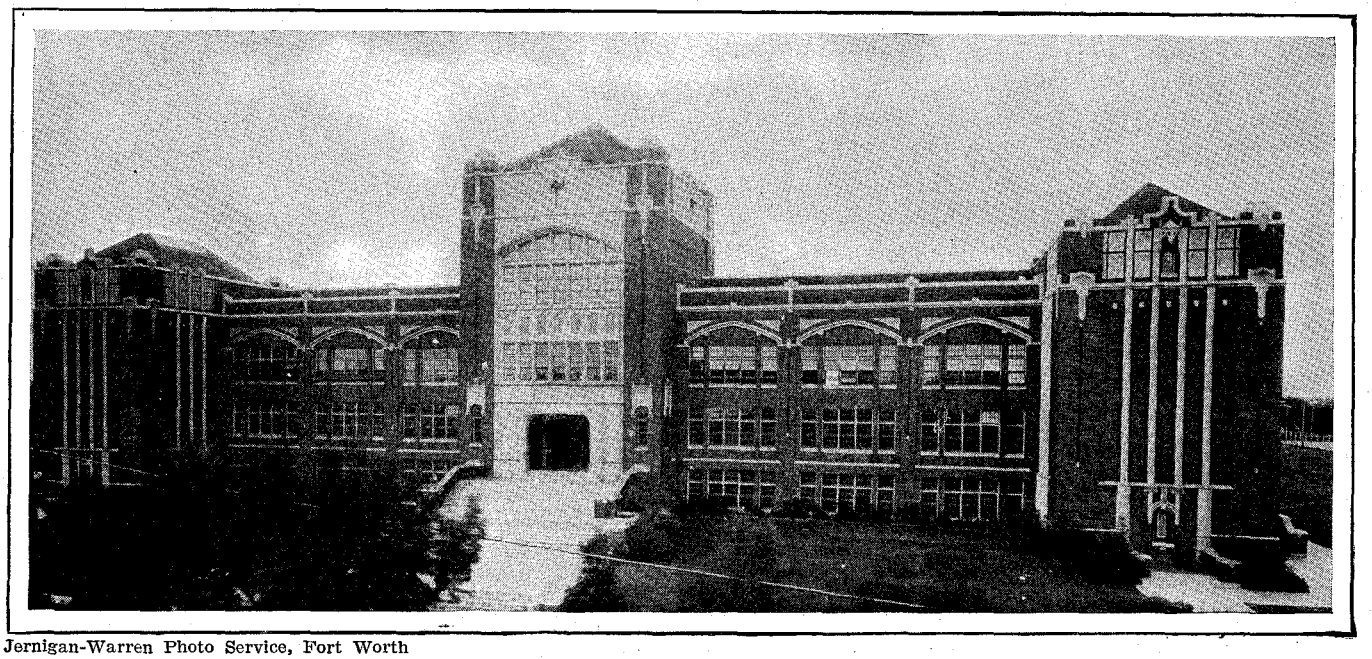

Jernigan-Warren Photo Service, Fort Worth

SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL OF FORT WORTH—ONE OF THREE HIGH SCHOOLS

ants still "carry on" the same policies. The first road built into Fort Worth was the Texas and Pacific. It was constructed to a little west of Dallas, when the panic of 1873 struck the country. Building ceased. Fort Worth began to disintegrate as a city. The railway company had secured the right of way, and if the panic had held off just thirty days the road would have been constructed through to Fort Worth. When the road failed to materialize, the population dropped to less than 1,000. These people remained because they had ultimate faith in the growth of the city.

When the land grant was given to the Texas and Pacific, however, it was conditioned on the road being constructed to Fort Worth by the first day of January, 1874. The panic blocked this construction, but the Legislature validated an extension, and each succeeding Legislature granted extensions until the Constitutional Convention of 1875.

The people had by this time despaired of getting their railway, and so they organized a company of their own, subscribed to the capital stock, and made payment in money, labor, material, forages, supplies, or anything they possessed of a marketable value. Major K. M. Van Zandt was president of this company. When the Legislature assembled, the railway company made another bid for an extension of time, since the prize was too rich to abandon without a struggle, and since they had spent large sums of money in surveying and plotting land. So they took the contract off the hands of the construction company and made a desperate bid to complete the road before the Legislature could complete its reports and adjourn. The efforts of John C. Brown, vice-president of the Texas and Pacific, who had remained on the ground steadily, won out in a close fight.

On July 19, 1875, the first train rolled into Fort Worth in charge of Conductor W. R. Bell, who still "pulls a rope" on the Texas and Pacific. Pandemonium broke loose in Fort Worth; lacking cannon, anvils were used to make an appropriate noise.

The building of the next transcontinental road through Fort Worth was no less spectacular. The Santa Fé started construction a short time later from Galveston north to Temple. Walter Gresham, who was director and field man for the Santa Fé, mailed from Temple, on the same day and the same train, a letter to Fort Worth and Dallas stating that the town that would first subscribe a $75,000 bonus and contribute depot grounds and right of way through the county should be on the main line of the Santa Fé. Peter Smith, one of the early builders of the South, got busy at once, and with the aid of a few of the enterprising "old timers" raised the cash bonus and secured the right of way before nightfall, and early the next morning appeared in person before the Santa Fé officials, and the road was thus secured by Fort Worth.

Seventeen railways enter Fort Worth, and in practically every case it has been a story of large bonuses and grants cheerfully and quickly given. To-day the railway yards of Fort Worth hold 14,000 freight cars, while 1,300,000 cars are interchanged there annually. The State raises between $500,000,000 and $600,000,000 worth of cotton every year, and Fort Worth industries alone produce $450,000,000 worth of manufactured goods.

The Fort Worth preferential freight distribution area, with a population of 2,000,000, embraces 91,000,000 acres; its cotton production amounts to $400,000,000 annually; corn, $155,000,000; live stock, $116,000,000. Even in oil (although I don't believe in oil; I have too many worthless $50 "dry hole" certificates in my desk now), but—they have real oil in Texas to the extent of about $245,000,000 a year. When I saw the great wells and great storage tanks, I wondered why some of the wildcat promoters who sold me stock four years ago could not have been fortunate enough to land in the Fort Worth territory.

Some idea of the vast expanse of the agricultural area of Texas can be gathered when comparing the large ranches in Texas with those of other States. The King Ranch, in Nueces and Kleberg Counties, is composed of about one million acres of land, and the owner of this small empire has about seventy-five thousand head of live stock. John G. Kennedy, another noted Texas ranchman, owns five hundred thousand acres of land and about thirty thousand head of live stock. Yet these two immense ranches scarcely amount to more than a pinpoint on the average Texas map.

This section can grow anything from grapefruit to winter apples; its climate ranges from the semi-tropical to snow-line; on the same day within the boundaries of Texas people are bathing and reclining under beach umbrellas, and others, in the foothills, are hunting game on snowshoes.

I was especially interested in this "gateway" to the Gulf from a standpoint of its labor relations. I had been in Fort Worth but a few hours when the president of the Trades Assembly (A. F. of L.) took me on a motor trip about the city. I soon discovered why Fort Worth was practically free from labor trouble. Here was a labor leader who believed that every man who drew a day's pay should do a full day's work in return. He believed that the relations between employer and employee should at all times be one of closest co-operation, and in case there were disputes that these disputes should be settled by arbitration instead of strikes.

When I was in Fort Worth in October, 1921, there had not been a strike of any

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note for twenty years within the city—although thousands of men are employed—for here was a new type of labor leader. The spirit of unionism throughout the town was different from any place I had ever been in. In 1919 and 1920, while other cities were tied up with the high cost of building construction, with woeful inefficiency of labor and childish restrictions, Fort Worth constructed 2,400 homes, 2 twenty-story buildings, and a $4,000,000 hotel, and during this peak period their labor retained a high standard of efficiency, in marked contrast to Northern cities. Here I found labor organizations that did not allow agitating organizers within their jurisdiction. One large power company has never dealt with a labor organization, because the men did not need one for their protection. An organizer dropped into Fort Worth one day to organize the employees of this company. The Fort Worth labor leaders said: "No. If these men want to get in, all right, but we're not going out and try to force them in."

The greatest asset Fort Worth has to-day is the spirit of the workingmen who comprise a large share of her 140,000 population.

Fort Worth has a great reserve of cheap power, and a project is now under way which will probably provide enough power to run the whole northern section of Texas for all time to come.

A number of big packing plants have located in Fort Worth because of its exceptional transportation facilities and reasonable labor attitude. The packing-houses now do a business of $150,000,000 annually, and 3,000,000 head of cattle go through Fort Worth every year.

Many of the old Texans cannot understand why these large plants are locating in their city, rather than in other Texas cities. But if they had lived in some of the Northern industrial centers from 1917 to 1921 they would easily understand. It is because of the favorable labor situation. Here is a city of 140,000 people whose chief industry is manufacturing, and it has had no notable strike in twenty years!

I drove through that section of the city where workmen resided, although there was no "workingman's section." They lived in bungalows that made my mouth water when I contrasted them with my congested New York. Here were men who owned their own homes, or who were paying for them; who had just as much at stake in the city as the manufacturer, the business man, or any one else who took just as much pride in civic betterment as any member of the Chamber of Commerce or Bankers' Club; men who could speak English, and who believe in America; men imbued with the same spirit of community building as the Chamber of Commerce or Merchants' Association. They had fine school buildings, spacious playgrounds, well-kept lawns. I did not see a tumble-down shack nor a decayed fence within the city limits.

Fort Worth was built on a prairie, and it wounded the pride of its citizens that they had no lake resorts. In 1913 some of the leading spirits of Fort Worth, under the leadership of William D. Davis, conceived the idea of creating a lake by damming the west fork of Trinity River at a point six miles northwest of the city. In a short time the project was under way. Construction was started in 1913, and completed in 1916. It cost several million dollars. When finished, a concrete conduit was built, carrying the water to Fort Worth. This lake holds forty billion gallons of water and has a shore line measuring forty miles. The lake proper is fourteen miles long and two miles wide. The drive around this lake is one of the "show" drives of the United States.

Peter Smith, Major Van Zandt, Captain B. B. Paddock, Colonel Paul Waples, Joe Brown, are examples of the kind of men who built Fort Worth. It was Paul Waples who, in the 1907 panic, when Texas's creditors in the East and North were demanding that the debts due them be instantly discharged, issued a statement of the assets in cotton and material eligible to payment of debts, and asked the question: "Why do creditors of business houses and individuals in Texas clamor for the pound of flesh?" He demanded that a reasonable time be granted Texas to pay, and promised that she would not only discharge all her debts, but leave a surplus large enough to finance her for a generation of normal conditions. Time was given. Creditors became aware that Texas was one of the most resourceful States of the Union.

The younger element of Fort Worth Builders includes such energetic figures as L. H. McKee, W. M. Massie, William Monnig, Amon G. Carter, William D. Davis, and T. B. Yarbrough.

Colonel Louis J. Wortham is the Watterson of Texas. He started on his newspaper career in 1882, and is rough and ready if necessary, though naturally endowed with the deportment of a Chesterfield. He is the editor of the "Star Telegram."

These new Texans reflect much of the same indomitable spirit of the "Alamo" Texans. They have accomplished more than they really intended to. Fort Worth was built by men who realized that workmen ought to own attractive homes of their own, and the whole city co-operated toward that end. The result is thousands of good-looking bungalows and very little radicalism.

WOULD THEY DESTROY LABOR UNIONS?

BY ELLIS SEARLES

EDITOR OF THE "UNITED MINE WORKERS' JOURNAL"

BACK of the demand for the incorporation and taxation of labor unions, about which so much is heard these days, there is to be seen the hand of the union-busters of the country. That's what the members of organized labor say, anyway. If labor unions were compelled by law to incorporate, then the treasury of the union would be subject to raids by employers or others who might wish to stir up a situation that would afford opportunity for such raids. A labor union could not exist under such circumstances, for its funds would be attacked from every possible quarter.

If trade unions were incorporated, they would at once become constantly menaced by receivership suits, thus placing their property and treasuries subject to the whim of hostile courts, and there are many courts in the land that are hostile to organized labor. Corporations of business men are not subject to this danger. The activities of a corporation are limited and clearly defined by charter. It is different with a trade union. Its activities and functions cannot be defined by any charter or any law. A labor union is a social institution, which cannot be separated from the human beings that compose it.

There are labor spies in every industry in the country. These spies are there for the purpose of keeping the employer informed as to all activities of the employees, and especially every symptom of unionism that may appear among the men. In some industries they are called spies, but in the coal-mining industry they are armed gunmen and thugs who seem to bear a roving commission, not only to roam at will over the mountainsides of West Virginia and other places, but to assault, shoot, and murder those among the mine workers who dare even to think aloud about organizing a local union.

If labor unions were incorporated, these spies and hired thugs could easily institute fictitious lawsuits that would tie up the funds of the unions and render them helpless, or, where a hostile court could be found, they could obtain judgments that would ruin the unions.

In other words, incorporation would enable their enemies to throttle the life out of every labor union in the land. And the unions believe that such is the purpose of those who are calling so vociferously for incorporation. It would

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be an easy matter for an employer to "plant" a hired spy in any labor union as a member, and this spy could stir up and incite acts of violence and damage that would afford sufficient grounds upon which to base suits for damages that would bankrupt the organizations and keep them bankrupted. That this could be done is best proved by the fact that it has been done many times.

Those who are backing the plan to compel labor unions to incorporate insist that labor unions should stand in the same position before the law as corporations. They lose sight of the fundamental difference between a business corporation and a labor union. A business corporation is a commercial institution. A labor union is not commercial. It has nothing to sell. It is a body that undertakes to afford protection to its membership in their dealings with their employers. It believes in and practices the idea of collective bargaining between employers and employees. Labor unions are composed of the same type and kind of human beings that are found outside their ranks. They are the same kind of American citizens as the stockholders of a corporation, and the same kind as those who are engaged in business or in the professions.

Promoters of the plan to force labor unions to incorporate say it is necessary in order that the unions "may be held responsible for their acts." But we should remember that corporations are not formed for the purpose of being "held responsible." Their prime purpose is to evade responsibility.

When two men form a partnership in business, one partner can contract debts for the partnership and all partners are responsible for the full amount of these debts. All of the property of the partnership can be seized to pay the debts contracted by any partner, and if this is not enough, then the private property of each partner is liable for the full amount of the debts.

But it is different with a corporation. Under this form of doing business there is no such danger to the individual. When an officer of a corporation contracts indebtedness in the name of his company, only the property of the corporation can be reached for settlement. Property of individual stockholders cannot be levied upon, as in the case of a partnership.

Corporation stockholders invest what they are willing to risk in a corporation, knowing that they cannot be held responsible for more.

It is also interesting to note that these same people who cry so loudly for incorporation and taxation of labor unions never say a word about compelling business associations to submit to a similar law. There are associations of coal operators in every coal-producing field in the United States, and none of them is incorporated. There are associations of manufacturers in every line, and they are not incorporated. We find National associations of manufacturers; wholesalers in every line of trade; associations of millers, druggists, grocers, clothing merchants and manufacturers; associations of iron and steel manufacturers; associations of railway executives; associations of employing printers; associations of this, that, and the other character. And then there is that wonderfully mysterious something that is known as the National Steel Institute, or something of that kind, headed by Judge Gary, the champion heavyweight union-buster of the country. Members of the "Steel Institute" have long denied that it had anything to do with the fixing of steel prices, but all who believe that story will please stand on their heads.

None of these associations are incorporated. No matter how much damage they might do to the welfare of the nation, no matter how they might undertake to regulate and restrict business and prices, they could not be attacked as corporations. Neither are they required to pay taxes, because they are not legal entities.

But we do not hear any one demanding from the housetops that these commercial and business associations should be required to incorporate and pay taxes. Nor do we hear any demand that they be required to open their books and business for public inspection, as labor unions are asked to do.

If labor unions were incorporated, they would of course be forced to file reports of their business and affairs. Their books would be open to inspection at all times. They could be required to account for every penny of income and expenditure, and they would be limited and restricted in both directions. Every union-busting, open-shopper among the employers feels that this would be a means of helping to break up labor unions.

Members of unions ask why these employers are so anxious to have the unions do something that they themselves are not willing to do. It will be remembered that the Federal Trade Commission issued an order requiring coal-producing companies to file with the Commission detailed statements of their cost of production of coal, including the amount paid for wages and all other purposes. Coal operators refused to comply with this order, and when the Commission insisted upon compliance the operators went into a Federal court and obtained an injunction against the Commission to prevent it from inquiring into the cost of coal production. It does seem that when employers demand publicity for all of the receipts and expenditures of labor unions they should be willing also to make public the details of their business.

What is it that these coal operators seek to hide from the public through the use of the process of injunction? They are insisting that wages of coal miners are so high that they prevent coal companies from selling their coal in American markets. They place all of the blame for the present unsettled conditions in the coal business on the miners' wages. They say profits have been wiped out and that they are not now and have not for a long time been making money. But they offer no proof of these statements. In fact, they use every means to prevent the public from ascertaining whether they tell the truth about it. They rush off to a court and plead for protection against the prying eyes of the public. The people must not be permitted to learn the facts. The public must take their word for everything and be satisfied.

If these coal companies were honest with the public, if they had nothing to hide, if they were not attempting to cover up the real facts in regard to their profits, they would willingly permit the Federal Trade Commission to have access to their books. The average citizen cannot take kindly to a set of men who demand publicity for the business of every one except themselves.

Now and then we hear some one say that the United Mine Workers should be subjected to strict Federal supervision and investigation because of the existence of the check-off system for the collection of the dues of its members. The charge is frequently made that this check-off system is illegal, and that money collected through its use is expended for unlawful purposes. The outrageous charge is sometimes made that the check-off is used for the collection of money to finance riots, murders, and other crimes in the coal-mining fields. The fact is that the check-off has been held to be legal by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals and it stands to-day as a long-established and fully recognized principle in the industry. The Borderland Coal Corporation, a non-union concern of West Virginia, sought to destroy the check-off with an injunction suit, but the Court of Appeals refused to enjoin it. The Court said the check-off was nothing more than a voluntary assignment of wages already earned by an employee, the same as if he assigned a part of his wages to pay a grocery bill or any other obligation. Certainly there is every legal recognition of the principle of voluntary assignment of wages. The wages are not assigned for the purpose of financing riots, disorders, murders, and the like. The assignment is made for a perfectly valid and recognized legal purpose.

There have been so many misstatements in regard to the "march" in West Virginia last summer that it may be well to give the facts in connection with that affair. It is frequently said that this was an outbreak of union coal miners, and it is sometimes referred to as "a treasonable insurrection of union miners." It was nothing of the sort. Such charges are made for the sole purpose of creating in the public mind a prejudice against the miners' union. The armed gunmen and thugs employed by non-union coal companies, who for years have made it their business to keep the union out of these fields, even

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THE FARMER
of the metropolitan district has received
FIVE AND ONE-HALF CENTS A QUART
for the same milk for which the consumer paid
TWENTY CENTS
Mr. Parkinson tells the story of the five and one-half cents in this issue. In
The Outlook for May 31 Sherman Rogers
will tell some of the things which happened to
THE OTHER FOURTEEN AND ONE-HALF CENTS
Mr. Rogers's article is not so much a record of expenditures as a story of the dramatic and scientific fight for clean and wholesome milk which has saved thousands of lives and lowered to an amazing extent the infant death rate of the metropolis.

to the extent of shooting down innocent persons, became so bold and their outrages were so terrible that the people of that section of West Virginia refused longer to stand for such things. This "march" was a result of that wave of indignation. Miners, farmers, merchants, carpenters, professional men, and citizens from many walks of life decided to put an end to the reign of terror, and they assembled for the avowed purpose. It was not a question of unionism and non-unionism. It was a matter of self-protection against the murderous band of roving desperadoes. And had it not been for the interference that came from the outside those thousands of determined men would have cleared them out and made life and liberty safe in West Virginia. That's the truth about the "march."

RICH DAIRYMEN?

BY EDWARD K. PARKINSON

AFTER dairy farming for some years one has, naturally, a pretty clear idea of the profits to be made by selling milk to city people, and also when one has a good thing a certain shyness crops up on being asked by others to tell how easy it is to get rich by dairying.

The Christmas holidays are the one time during the year when my wife and I make a point of getting away from our farm to visit a cousin in Manhattan who is a bond broker. What wonderful days these are, with theaters, opera, concerts, moving pictures, shops, etc., filling our waking moments with one sensation after another, for it's our vacation, and we feel much like Browning's Pippa when she exclaims: "Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee!" Three days of riotous pleasure, worth a king's ransom! Only three out of 365 with no deductions for holidays and Sundays—just one, two, three days, all our own!

Much to my amusement, my cousin greatly enjoys calling me the Milk Baron. On Christmas Eve, which last year fell on Saturday, we were discussing conditions in general in front of the fire over our mild Havanas. Prices were dropping all along the line with the notable exception of food, and, "Hang it, Billy," exclaimed my cousin, "you farmers have us by the throat these days! Not that I personally begrudge you a cent. Go to it, I say, make hay while the sun shines. But, really, old man, when we have to pay twenty cents a quart for good milk for the children I call it a hold-up game. Of course you chaps took your cue from the labor unions and formed the Dairymen's League, and, as far as I can see, have made a great success of it. For, whereas the wholesale milk dealers in New York used to dictate prices to the dairymen, now we pay what you are pleased to ask. Great game! I'm proud to be connected with a milk baron."

"My dear Jack," I replied, warmly, "your ignorance outside of your personal affairs is colossal. Do you know what I am paid for my milk this month? No, of course not! You just jump at conclusions. Well, the League price is close to five and a half cents a quart for the same milk for which you paid twenty cents, and the spread between those two figures covers freight, pasteurization, and distribution. I have absolutely no say as to what I shall receive for my milk from month to month, the price being fixed by the Price Committee, which is made up of the Producers' Organization and the Distributers' Organization. In setting these prices the main factors considered are supply and demand and the price of cattle feed. It so happens that I have my note-book in my pocket, and, seeing you are my cousin, I will let you into the secret of my rapid rise to affluence.

"Our farm," I continued, "consists of two hundred acres, of which sixty acres is in pasture, through which, fortunately, a stream flows. I raise corn for silage and for feeding, oats for feeding, hay and clover, enough potatoes and vegetables for ourselves, besides plenty of fruit for home consumption. Now let's take the cows, who are the money-makers. We have twenty-five in milk all the time, and in order to keep up this number it is necessary to replace, on an average, seven cows each year. These are raised from our own calves and must be fed and cared for until they are two years old, when they drop their first calves. Even then they do not reach their best as milk producers until their second and sometimes their third calf is born.

"These cows are all splendid Holsteins and give about 10,000 pounds of milk a year each, or about 13.5 quarts per day. This month I will receive $2.52 per 100 pounds of milk, or, as I said before, 5.5 cents per quart. So, putting the very best possible face on it, my gross profit, if I could count on 5.5 cents per quart right along, would be $6,675 a year. Easy, isn't it? Nice, comfortable home, plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables, two men to help with the

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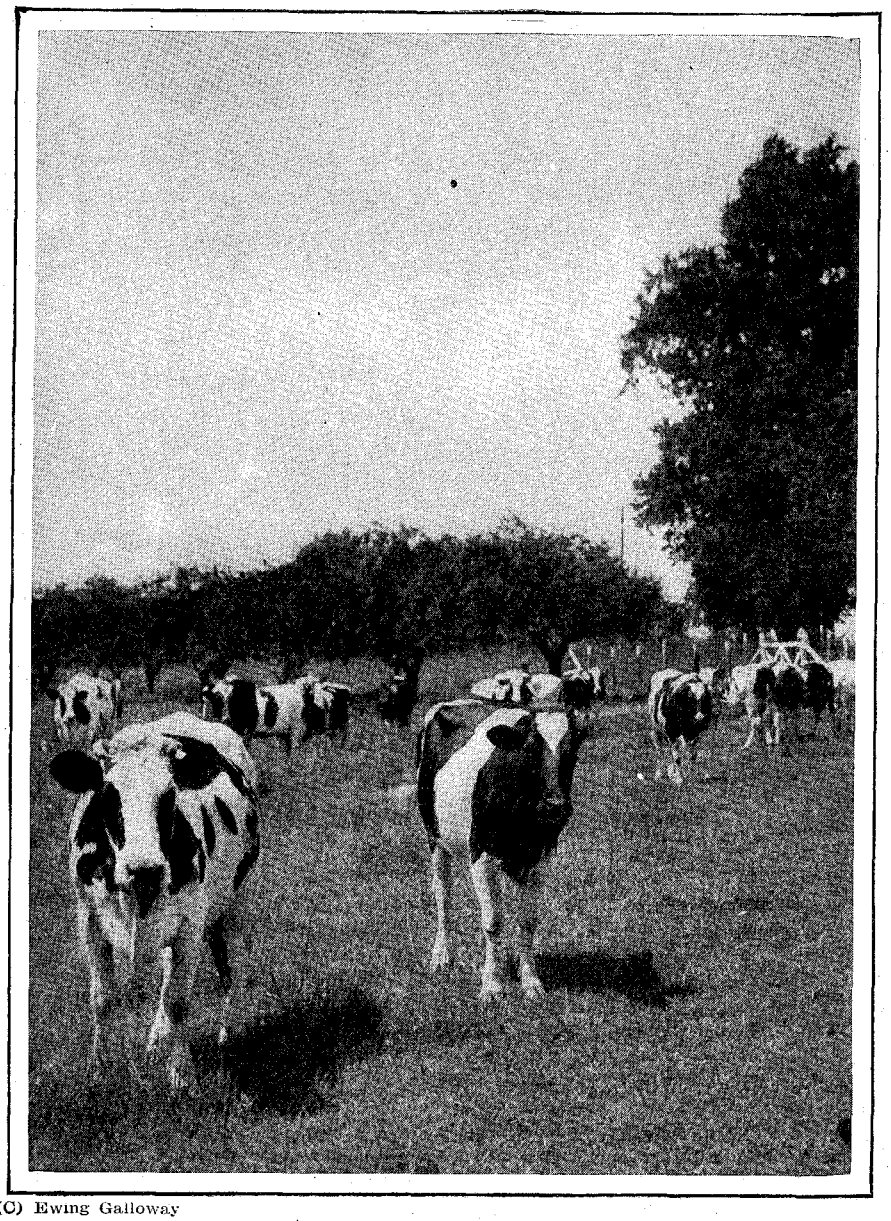

(C) Ewing Galloway

"GIVE ME THE COUNTRY, WHERE THERE ARE DUMB BEASTS TO CARE FOR AND MAKE MUCH OF"

work with cottages to live in, etc. Can't you just picture me going down to the bank each month in my car and depositing my wad?

"But just hold on a minute. I mustn't forget to charge off one or two little items against my cows: Bedding per cow; keep of bull per cow; labor per year per cow; interest on money invested in barn and cow; taxes on cow and barn; insurance on barn; depreciation on each cow, and heat, light, medicines, disinfectants, veterinary service, and ice, amounting in all to $65 on each animal. Besides this there is the feed to add—hay, silage, bran, corn-meal, gluten-meal, cottonseed-meal, and pasturage—totaling a few cents over $167.

"Of course you will say, 'Oh, but you have your own hay, corn, silage, and pasture.' Quite true; but don't forget that my corn would sell on the market just as quickly as the other fellows', so I must charge it up at market prices. The same is true of hay. My silage I only charge for at its food value plus labor and fertilizer. My pasturage charge is only normal, for had I no pasture I should have to provide more silage and hay. So, you see, I must take $65 plus $167, a total of $232, from the gross profit of $252 on each cow, leaving $20, to which may be added the value of her calf at birth, $15. I then have a net profit on each cow of $35, or $875 from my entire herd. Wouldn't you like to buy me out, old chap? Before you make an offer, however, let me add that in order to get this splendid income I must get up at half-past four every day, winter and summer, and when any of my cows drop their calves I am always with them, whether it's the middle of the day or night. I wash and clean the milking machines myself, for, although I have good men, I wouldn't feel safe in trusting this work to either of them.

"In the winter there's the wood to cut and ice to get in, besides the repairs on farm implements and buildings. So you must acknowledge that, in a measure at least, I earn my princely income. You are wondering how I manage to get along on $875 a year. Well, I couldn't if Bessie hadn't turned to, like a trump, and helped by raising poultry, for she takes entire charge of a flock of 500, and so adds about $550 more to what the cows bring in," I ended, lighting a fresh cigar.

"Billy, you amaze me," said my cousin, "and if I didn't know you intimately and hadn't spent days on your farm I'm afraid I should be a doubting Thomas. It had never occurred to me that farming was like any other business, or that a practical farmer had to apply business principles to his work, just as I do. Somehow, I imagined he raised all his own feed and fed it out to his cows, and then counted the money received from them as profit. What, in the name of goodness, does a man see in working hard all his life for a paltry few hundred dollars a year? Why, I often make in a month what takes you with the hardest sort of labor to pull in in a year!"

"Well, Jack," I replied, "you have overlooked the greatest factor in life—individuality. From my point of view, to see you grubbing every day in an artificially lighted den downtown, with money-getting occupying most of your waking hours, is a pitiful sight. To me, you have missed the very essence of life. You never see the sun rise in all its wonderful beauty, or marvel at the reawakening of life with the first flush of spring, nor would you feel any pleasure in caring for dumb animals that look to you through gentle, trusting eyes for their sustenance. The birth of a little helpless calf would to your mind only mean extra work, not the completion of one of nature's most stupendous achievements—a new life.

"Then you live in a constant uproar—cars tooting, bells clanging, and doors slamming from morning until night. You are only a unit among millions of other units. Were you to be stricken in the street, a policeman would turn in a call for an ambulance and off you would go to some hospital, where you would consider yourself lucky if your wife ever received word as to your whereabouts.

"Not for me, Jack! Give me the country, where I can watch things grow, where there is plenty of elbow-room, where I'm independent and have to stand on my own feet without help, and where there are dumb beasts to care for and make much of. After all is said, money can't buy contentment, and don't forget this, although you may not believe it, it takes as much brains to make a success in farming as in any other business. Well, old man, each to his own taste, after all, and if we are going to the theater, it's about time we started, isn't it?"

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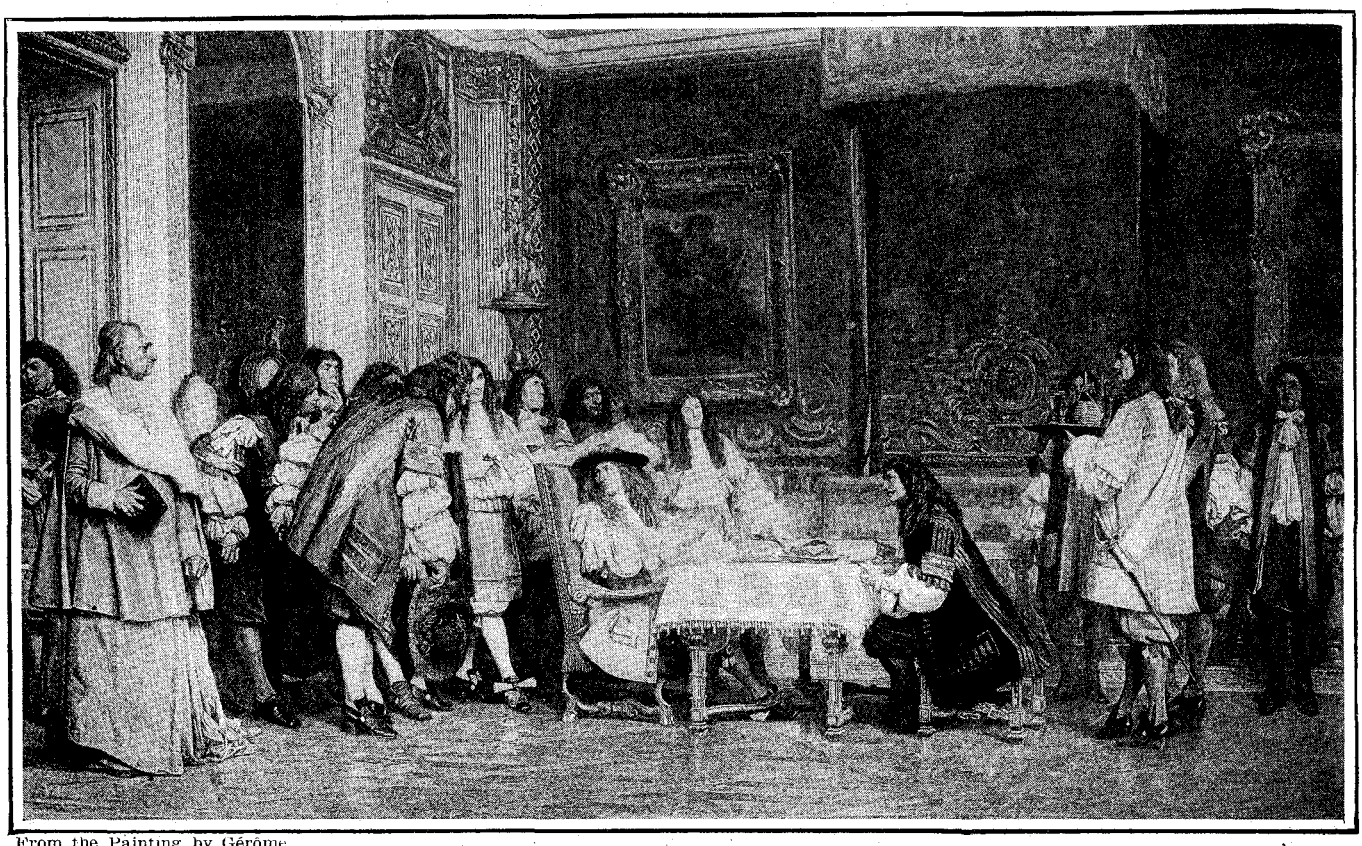
THE BOOK TABLE



From the Painting by Gérôme

MOLIÈRE BREAKFASTING WITH LOUIS XIV AT VERSAILLES

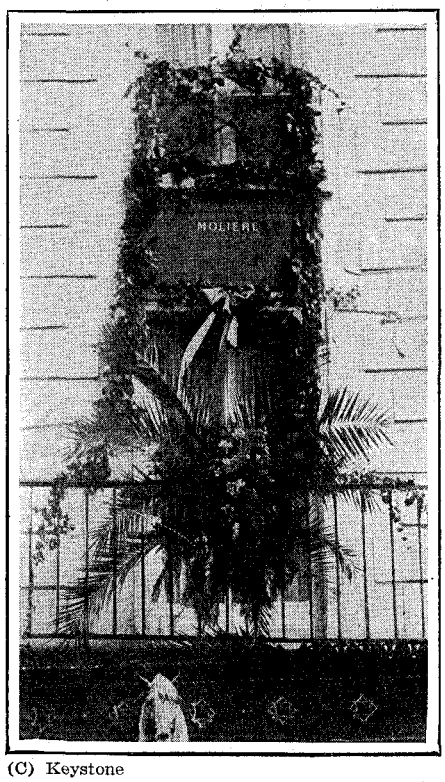
THE MODERNITY OF MOLIÈRE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

MONSIEUR MAURICE DONNAY and Monsieur André Chevrillon have come three thousand miles to take part in our tribute to the genius of a man who was born three hundred years ago. Our invitation and their crossing of the Atlantic bear witness to the fact that the fame of Molière is both enduring and world-wide. No one of the makers of French literature is more typically, more fundamentally French than he, and yet here in a city almost unknown and absolutely unimportant three centuries ago men assemble to do him honor and to acclaim him as the master of modern comedy.

He was not only a man of his own country, he was a man of his own time. In the early years of the long reign of Louis XIV he came a little later than Corneille and a little earlier than Racine; and neither of them is as representative of that glittering epoch as Molière; and yet half a dozen or half a score of his thirty plays are alive to-day in all the freshness of their eternal youth. He is not for his own country alone, but for all civilization; and he was not for his own age only, but for ours also. To say this is to say that he possesses the two indispensable qualities of a classic: his masterpieces have a large measure of permanence and a large measure of universality.

I have studied him lovingly for half a century, and as I came to a more intimate acquaintance with his writings and to a keener appreciation of the man himself I felt more and more the modernness of his work. No doubt, it bears unmistakably the impress of his own time—all masterpieces do that of course, those of Sophocles and Shakespeare no less than those of Molière. Yet he is more modern than the great Greek tragedian, who lived two thousand years ago; and more modern even than the great Englishman, who wrote both comedies and tragedies, and who died only six years before the great Frenchman was born. The great Spanish playwright Calderon survived Molière eight years; and his pieces seem to us now almost archaic in their stagecraft and in their spirit, whereas the comedies of Molière are modern both in their form and in their content.



(C) Keystone

TABLET ON THE HOUSE IN WHICH MOLIÈRE WAS BORN, IN THE RUE ST. HONORÉ, PARIS, WITH DECORATIONS PLACED THERE AS A PART OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE TERCENTENARY OF THE PLAYWRIGHT'S BIRTH

The modernity of his form is obvious enough, and he is master of modern comedy, not only because he realized better than any predecessor in any country what the true province of comedy was and what were its possibilities and its limitations, but also because he wrote for the modern playhouse, with its roof, with its artificial lighting, with its scenery, with its seated spectators. The pattern he devised for this modern playhouse is the pattern employed today by the playwrights of every Euro-

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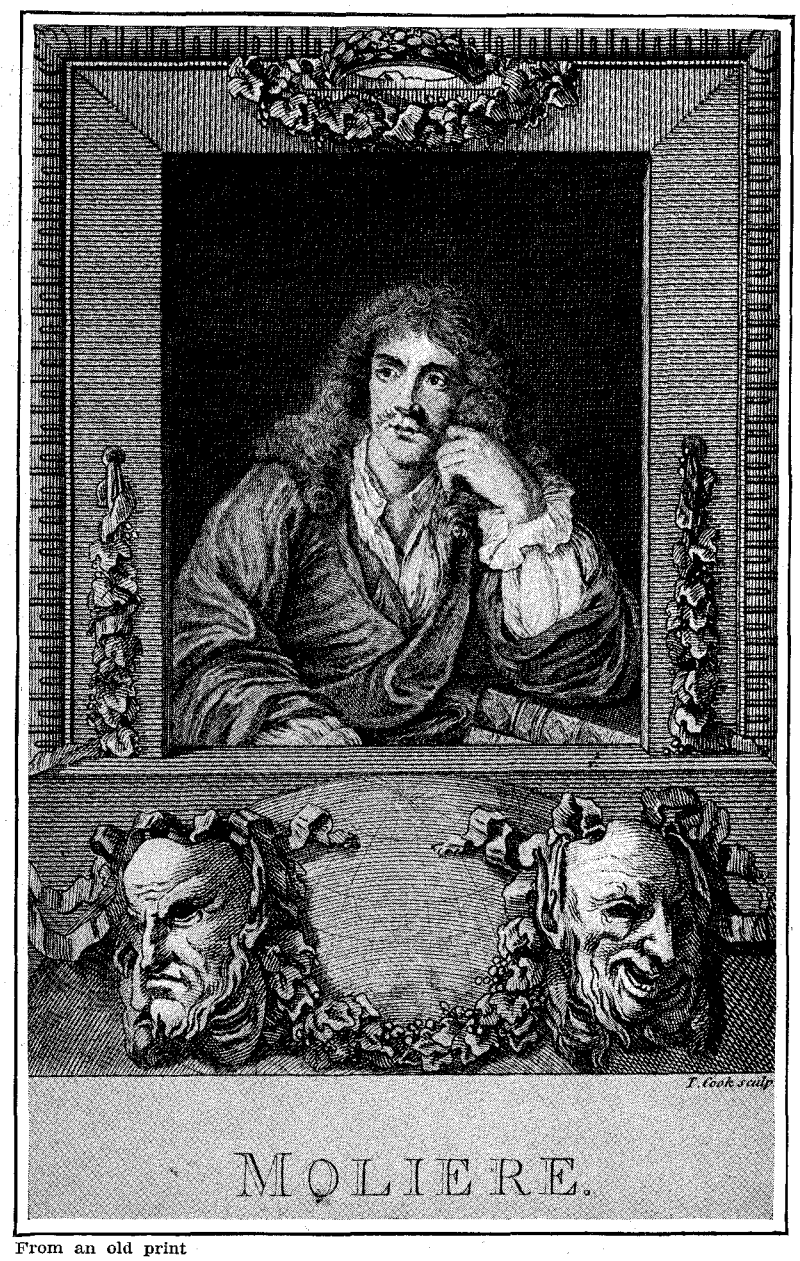

From an old print

pean language, even though they may be totally unaware of the debt they owe to him. Shakespeare's plays have to be modified to adjust themselves to our theaters; Moliere's do not demand any rearrangement, not a single transposition or a single omission. Sheridan could not have plotted the "School for Scandal" if Molière had not plotted the "Misanthrope" and the "Femmes Savantes." Ibsen could not have put together the "League of Youth" and the "Pillars of Society" if Molière had not devised "Tartuffe."

He had profited by his early study of Plautus and Terence, as they had profited by their study of Menander; but the Greek and the two Latins in their turn had progressed only to the play of intrigue, the comedy of anecdote; they were not equipped to achieve the comedy of manners, the comedy of character, the social drama, the play which, while it makes us laugh, also makes us think. Their field was narrowly restricted, and the hampering conditions of the social organization in Athens and in Rome did not tempt them—indeed, did not permit them—to achieve a large and liberal treatment of human nature. Shakespeare, as it happened, never undertook the comedy of manners which is also a comedy of character, perhaps because his social background and country did not supply the material for this special type of comedy. The London of the Virgin Queen lacked the urbanity of the Paris of the Grand Monarch. Elizabethan society was boisterous in speech and violent in temper; and therefore no one of Shakespeare's ever-delightful comedies, sometimes delicately romantic or sometimes robustly farcical, is a picture of the life of his own time and of his own country. Molière in four or five or six of his amplest and deepest comedies brings before us his own contemporaries as he had observed them in the city of his birth.

It was these contemporaries that Molière had to please if he was to keep his theater open; and this is what every great dramatist has had to do, Sophocles no less than Shakespeare. We can see that Molière took account of what was wanted by the Parisians of the second half of the seventeenth century, by the young King, by the burghers, and by the populace also. He gave them what they expected from him, and also more than they expected, sometimes even more than they were ready to receive. Leading his audiences upward, coaxing them along, skillfully stimulating their desires, he was able at last to rise to a level to which no earlier comic dramatist had aspired.

It is not widely recognized that great dramatists have almost always been popular in their own day. True it is that they may not have been adequately appreciated while they were alive, but they were successful, none the less. I doubt whether even Ben Jonson, with all his friendship for Shakespeare, was really aware of his friend's true greatness; and I fear that of all Molière's associates only Boileau and La Fontaine were keen-eyed enough to measure his superiority. But there is no denying that Shakespeare and Molière were popular favorites and that the playgoers flocked gladly to see their plays performed.

This immediate popularity of theirs was due in a measure to their skill in hitting the taste and in satisfying the likings of their contemporaries, although of course their permanent fame could be assured only by their major merits, by their power of creating characters which transcend the demands of the moment, which are deeper than the fancies of the day, which are eternally attractive because they are eternally veracious.

Molière did not hesitate to amuse his audiences with satire of passing fads and follies, with things strictly contemporary, with things absolutely up to date. Now, it is the disadvantage of the contemporary that it is four parts temporary; as it is disadvantage of the up to date that it is swiftly out of date. It is a striking testimony to Molière's genius that his satire of the whims and oddities of his own period has its lesson for us in another century and in another country. What was fleeting and momentary is on the surface only, and beneath it we can discover a veracity as abiding as human folly is perennial. The fashion has altered and not a little, but the stuff is the same, since it is woven from the unfailing absurdity of human nature.

The affectations that Molière held up to scorn in the "Précieuses Ridicules" in France are not unlike those which we laugh at to-day in America—in the "Culture Club of Keokuk, Indiana," for example, and in other clubs not so far from Manhattan Island. The Learned Ladies, the Femmes Savantes, of Manhattan Island are not now devoting their time to Greek roots, they are digging up the roots of society; they are

(Continued on page 39)

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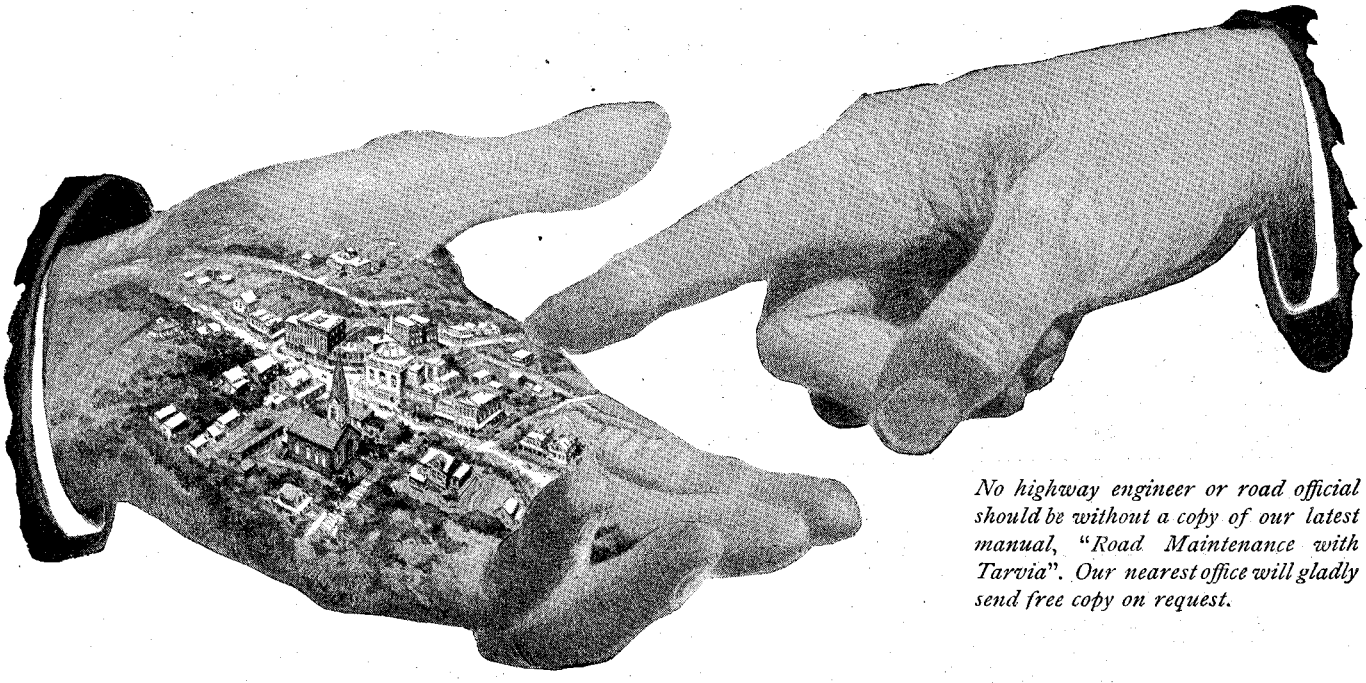

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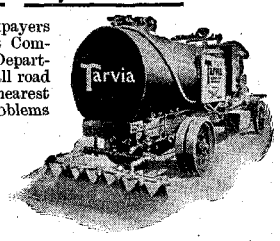

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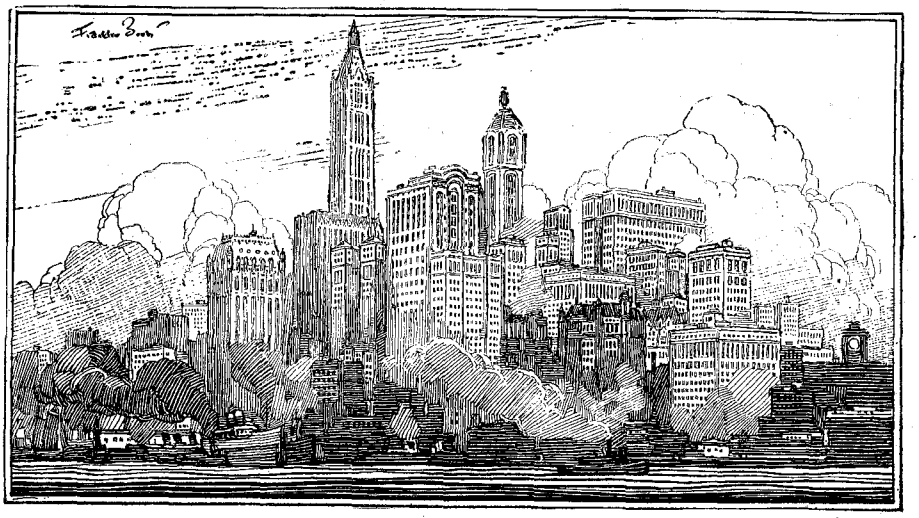

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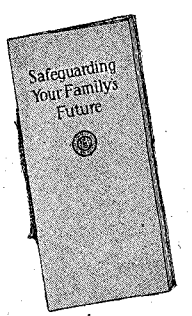

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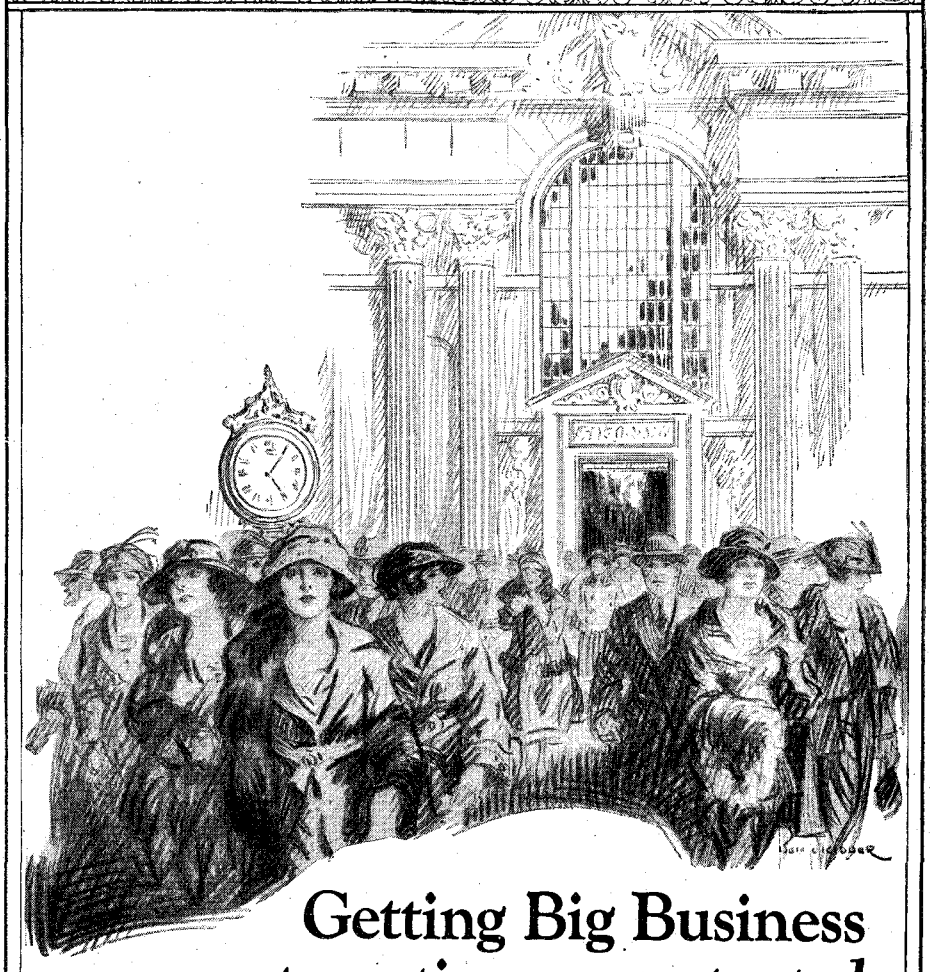
parlor Socialists; they are Little Groups of Serious Thinkers, who pride themselves on being open-minded, not having discovered the inconvenience of having minds open at both ends. The Imaginary Invalid to-day is a morbid student of psychoanalysis making a Freudulent collection of his own complexes. And Tartuffe? Well, our Tartuffes do not masquerade as religious bigots; rather are they moral reformers, damning the sins they have no mind to, reformers for revenue only, as dangerous to the public welfare to-day as was Tartuffe in his time. What is Scapin but a "proof before letters" of the chief figure in our crook plays? What is the unscrupulous valet who befools Monsieur de Pourceaugnac but the first edition of our confidence operator, our bunco-steerer—if I may venture to employ these unsavory neologisms? My sole excuse for this lapse from linguistic propriety is that I want to emphasize the fact that Molière is our contemporary, after all—that he is quite up to date two centuries and a half after his death.

Molière is important to us here in America, not only because of the pleasure and the profit we can find in the performance of his plays and in their perusal if we are denied the benefit of seeing them acted, he is important to us not only because he is the master of modern comedy, but also because he is the chief figure in French literature, because he united in himself certain of the chief characteristics of that literature, its dramatic ingenuity and its abhorrence of affectation, its relish for the concrete and its social instinct. It is good for us to see these characteristics in action; and the lesson Molière has for us transcends the limitations of literature. While there may be a more soaring imagination, a more easily released energy, in English literature in both its branches, British and American, than there is in French literature, there is a far less persistent application of the reasoning powers, a less free play of the intelligence, less sobriety and less sanity, more extravagance and more exuberance. The French inherited from the classics a sense of form, a desire for unity of tone, for harmony of color, for logic in structure, and for lucidity in style. If Carlyle and Ruskin and Whitman had sat at the feet of the masters of French literature, they would have been less impatient of authority, less flagrantly individualistic, less rhetorically riotous. Though they might have lost a little, they would have gained much. Nisard knew his countrymen when he asserted that in France "reason, which is the common bond of all men, is more highly esteemed than imagination, which disperses them and isolates them."

Here in America we are not likely ever to forget the indebtedness we are under to France for coming to our rescue in our hour of need nearly a century and a half ago; that debt is a debt of honor, and it is not outlawed by time. Nor can we fail to remember that it



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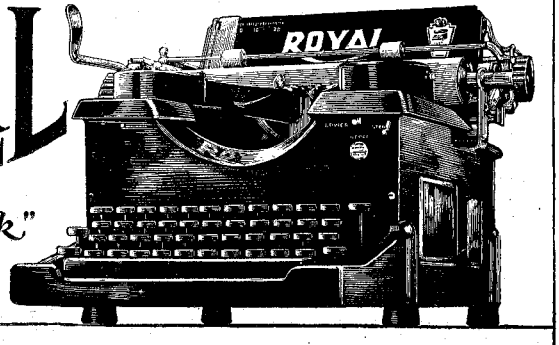

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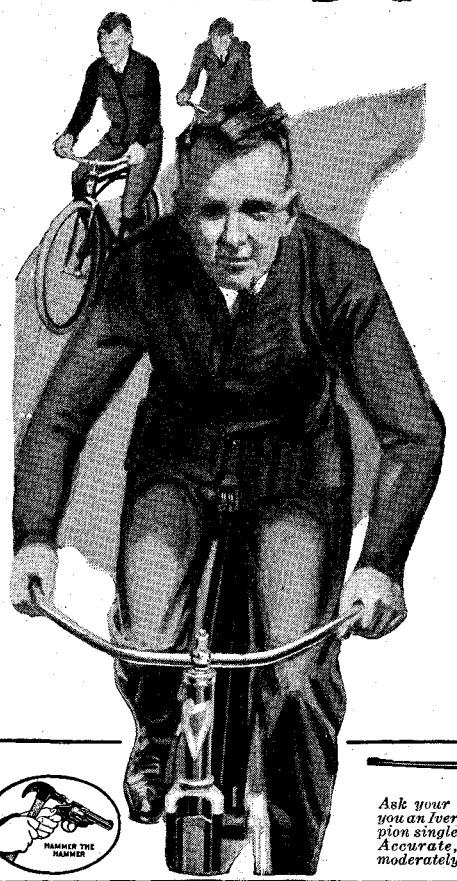

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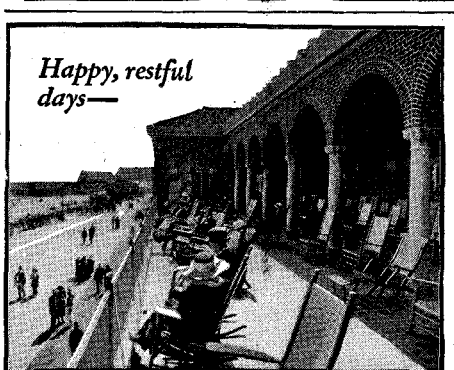

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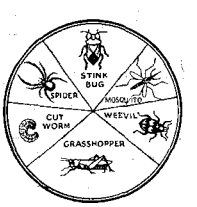

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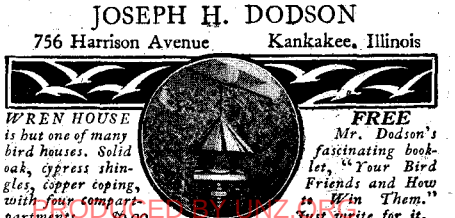

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was a Frenchman, Rousseau, who inspired the superb eloquence of the Declaration of Independence, and that it was another Frenchman, Montesquieu, whose political sagacity guided the makers of our Constitution. The tie that binds us to France is twisted of many strands of many colors, but we have reason to believe that it is strong enough to withstand any strain that may be put upon it.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

ORDEAL OF HONOR (AN). By Anthony Pryde. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

Not equal to Mr. Pryde's best work, but still a fairly readable plot story.

TIDE RIPS. By James B. Connolly. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

"What Price for Fish?" ought to have a special prize as the best tale of Gloucester fishermen since Kipling wrote "Captains Courageous." Others of these sea tales are almost as good. Mr. Connolly leads among living American writers about seas, ships, and sailors.

YOLLOP. By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.

A more amusing bit of burlesque writing has not appeared for a long time. If we are to take it as a protest against humane prison methods, it has no force, because the author does not know the facts. We prefer to take it as a piece of fun pure and simple, and as such it is irrepressible and constantly mirth-provoking.

POETRY

DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI (THE). A Line-for-line Translation. By Melville Best Anderson. The World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y. $20.

This sumptuous volume is printed on hand-made paper and bound in Italian boards with vellum back. The translation is in the *terza rima*, the meter of the original. Marginal notes accompany the translation.

WAR BOOKS

THROUGH THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Albert Rhys Williams. Illustrated. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

The cover-jacket of this book is from a Soviet poster. It shows the Czar, Kornilov, Kolchak, Denikin—all those who tried to prevent or crush the Revolution—impaled on the long lance of a Red Army horseman. The jacket appropriately covers a lurid book, for the lurid story is illustrated by lurid poster reproductions in color as well as by many photographs. The author went "through the Russian Revolution" as correspondent and participant. We see the vivid drama through his wide-open eyes, though we are totally unable to agree with his pro-Soviet prejudices. It is nevertheless interesting and instructive to note his summary of the results of the Revolution; among them are the following:

"It has destroyed the apparatus of Czarism. [The author omits to state

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hat it has but replaced one Czarism by nother and more terrible kind.]

"It has transferred the great estates of the crown, the landlords, and the monastic orders into the hands of the people.

"It has nationalized the basic industries and begun the electrification of Russia.

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"It has brought into the Soviets a million workers and peasants and given them direct experience in government.

"It has organized eight million workers into trade unions.

"It has taught forty million peasants to read and write."

WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY. By Major-General Sir Alfred Knox. Illustrated. In two vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $15.

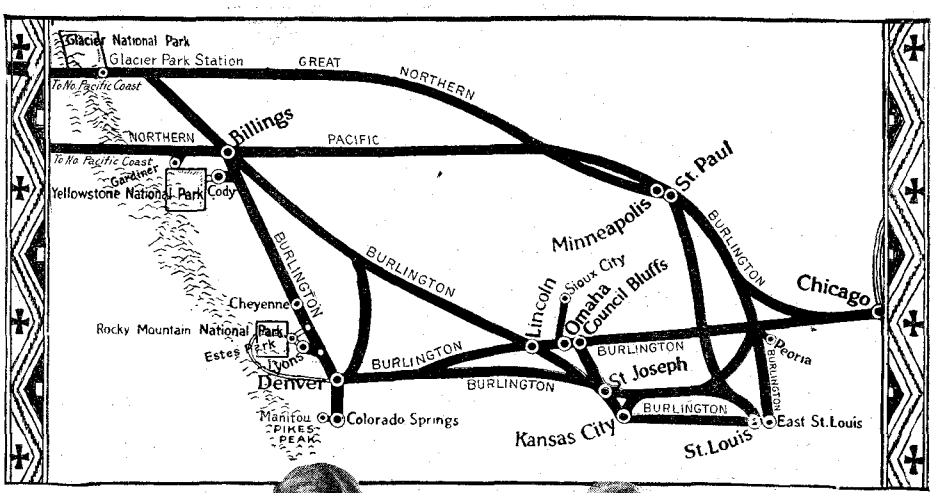
These volumes are valuable to those who wish to read in detail of the recent war on the Russian front. Certainly the author enjoyed large opportunity for observation. Previous to the war he was military attaché at Petrograd, and was at the front for three and a half years. Especial interest attaches to his description of the fighting in 1916, the text containing many hitherto unpublished details of Brusilov's offensive. The author also describes the political unrest preceding the Revolution, and gives an eye-witness's account of the Revolution itself.

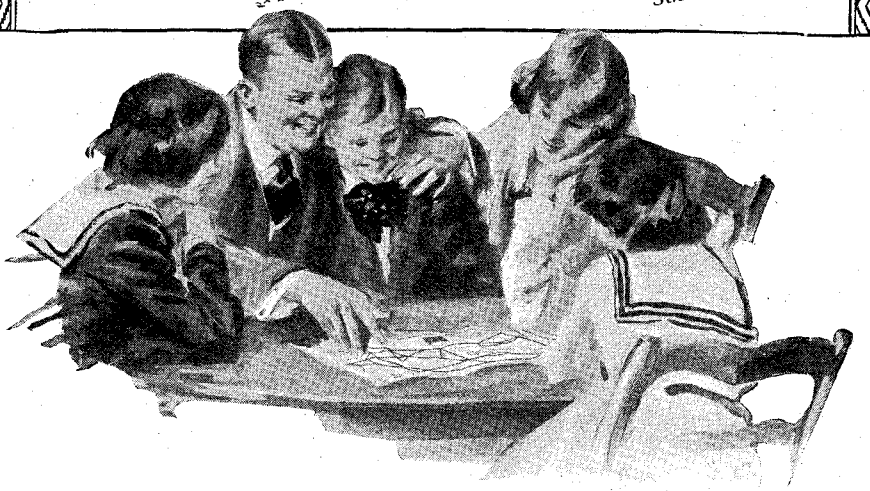
HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

CIVILIZATION IN THE UNITED STATES. An Inquiry by Thirty Americans. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $5.

Tested by quantitative analysis, this is a great book. It is two inches thick; contains five hundred and seventy-seven pages; and it is written, not by one, but by thirty authors.

Qualitative analysis leaves a trifling residuum. These thirty writers, mostly what Don Marquis happily calls the younger group of serious thinkers, are no doubt sincere and earnest in their opinion—that American Art, Music, Literature, Law, Education, Economics, Sex, etc., etc., are hopelessly vulgar and that civilization in this country is "grotesque, starved, and spiritually poverty-stricken;" but is American civilization greatly in need of new opinions just now? Henry Ford is chock-full of opinions, so is Edison, so is Senator Borah, so is William Jennings Bryan. Our own opinion is that what American civilization needs most to-day is, not opinions, but coal and coats, potatoes and housing. We venture to add this economic thought to the symposium of these thirty young American thinkers. Let them stop—at least temporarily—thinking up opinions to write about, and turn their attention to producing food and clothing. It will do them good to work with their hands, and will give their anxious minds a rest. Moreover, they may produce something that the public will buy. It is not likely to buy their book.





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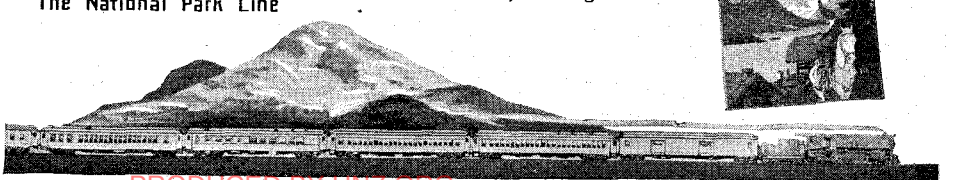

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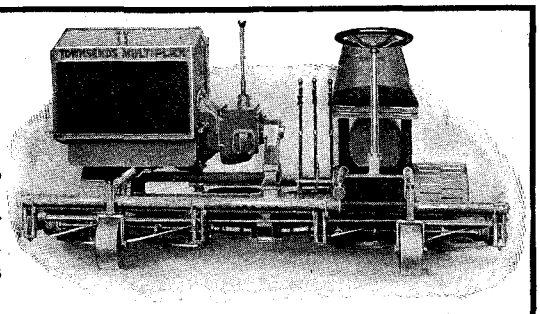

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LETTING GEORGE DO IT

THUS I read in The Outlook: "O energetic worker will stimulate whole gang to a greater effort." And then indulged in retrospection, lookin backward to events which are still fres in my memory. It has not been lon since I was among that blessed frate nity of workers whose praise is dwe upon so often by writers and minister As they tell me, I did not appreciate m noble position, and when slack time threw me out of employment I reall did wish I had my job back. Still, fro my lowly and humble sphere of life, feel that I am justified in doubting th quotation. I do not mean to call it i sincere or reckless, but I wondered th workers in the writer's day of ha labor were so radically different fro those whom I have worked with.

I worked several years in the ope hearth department of a steel mill, a I had a wonderful opportunity to o serve the habits of my fellow-worke I did observe them, and I felt when t mill ceased operations that I was ve well acquainted with their eccentricitie and customs.

I worked in the pouring pits, whe the hot steel is poured into mold There were six of us on that gang—. fine a gang of fellows as I would ev want to meet. There was seldom a friction between us; we all understo what we were to do, and if one of found himself behind with his work, always could depend on the ready a of the other five to help him out. P haps the danger brought us closer t gether, for molten steel is a touchy a vindictive thing to work with and were always running chances of be severely burned if not permanently d abled or killed. All of us could sho scars where flying chunks of steel h burned us.

What I wish to make clear is that were a typical gang of workers and th we held a certain regard and respect f one another which was never express in mere words. It was there and knew it, and that was all that was n essary.

Among us was a worker who was little more energetic than the rest us. He often would finish his p scribed amount of work and hust around and help some laggard o Never was he at rest. If he could fi nothing more to do, he would not, li the rest of us, find a hiding-place a loaf until the next heat tapped, b would go to his locker and wash a mend his clothes. We wore out ma clothes, for they were continually catc ing afire, and, while the rest of us thr our ragged clothes away, he mended a patched his until they were nothing e but patches. We never ridiculed him laughed at him for it; we envied h and wished we ourselves had the am tion to do likewise.

So I believe we were a typical gang none of us real loafers, but all of intensely human. This most energe one must have seen that he was spoili the rest of us, but still he continu

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shouldering more than his share of the work. We all worked together at cleaning scrap—steel that has spilled and frozen—from the tracks. Our energetic one would always buckle into it, and how he would work! Sledge, bar, and fork, he wielded them all arduously. The rest of us languidly worked along, and unconsciously lessened our efforts, for we knew that the energetic one would do it all if we only permitted him to, for, as I said, we were merely human and not natural-born loafers. If some one had accused us of shoving the work on the energetic one, we would have been indignant and would have quickly denied it, but still it was so. His vigorous efforts far from stimulated us to follow his example; rather, we eased up and contentedly watched the work progressing without our aid.

But this habit was not confined to our gang. It was a characteristic of every gang in the open hearth. The electricians, the millwrights, the ladlemen, the pitmen, and the riggers all exhibited the same characteristic. Each gang had its energetic worker too. I have never yet seen a gang of workers that did not boast an energetic member, and never yet have I seen that energetic worker 'stimulate the whole gang to a greater effort." It was always the same: if he chose to exert himself, he might do so, but the rest never emulated him; if he was too energetic, he would make drones of the rest of the gang, and all unconsciously.

I noticed one day a dozen electricians on top of a ladle crane. They were changing an armature, and but two were working. The rest were smoking, talking, laughing, and keenly enjoying themselves. So were the two who were working enjoying themselves.

It is just a case of what a man enjoys doing. This man enjoys working hard and he is the energetic one, and he cares little if the work is shoved on his shoulders. It rather pleases him. Now this man takes little pleasure in hard work and it don't make a bit of difference how strenuously the energetic one applies himself to his work, the man who doesn't like to work hard is not going to do so if he can get out of it, and what better way has he in getting out of it than permitting the energetic one to do it all?

I do not mean to be so presumptuous as to criticise Mr. Lewis Edwin Theiss, or, apart from that one statement, I enjoyed his article, "What Life in the Country Has Taught Me About Religion," very much.

What I would like to know is: Have workers changed so greatly, or were they just different where I worked?

JOHN COLE.

West Middlesex, Pennsylvania.

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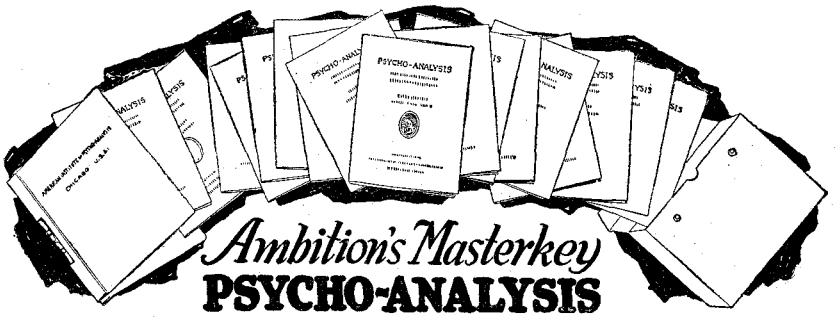

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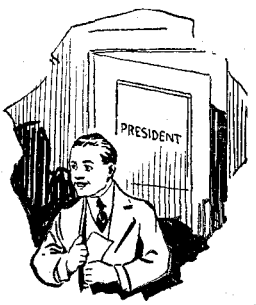

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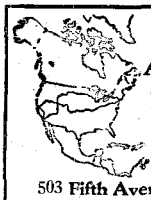

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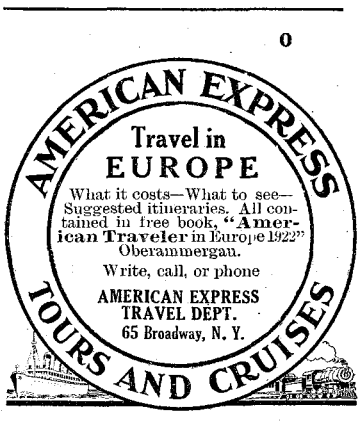

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SITUATIONS WANTED

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GRADUATE nurse, experienced, wishes position in camp. References. 1,390, Outlook.

R. N. (Presbyterian Hospital), experienced traveler, with highest references, desires position to travel with semi-invalid to Pacific coast or Europe. 1,442, Outlook.

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STENOGRAPHER, experienced school, office work, desires position. Normal school graduate. 1,417, Outlook.

CAMP COUNSELOR for girls' camp will be recommended by Episcopal rector. Experienced worker. Winning personality. 1,428, Outlook.

WOMAN of experience is desirous of making connection as manager of moderate size, high-class summer inn, or as assistant in inn of larger size. Excellent references. 1,430, Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires position as private secretary, preferably with professional man. Vicinity Boston, Mass. Experienced. Best references. 1,434, Outlook.

REFINED American woman desires position of responsibility in hotel or institution. 1,448, Outlook.

YOUNG man, educated, healthy, strong, desires summer position boys' camp or other wholesome surroundings. 1,444, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG Swiss lady, speaking French, German, and English fluently, eight years' experience as governess, secretarial training, wishes position as governess or companion with family traveling abroad. 1,375, Outlook.

POSITION as housemother and hostess wanted by PROTESTANT lady. Excellent references. 1,381, Outlook.

GERMAN born American woman, graduate of French university, experienced traveler, linguist, and teacher, wishes summer position traveling or tutoring. Salary not chief consideration. 1,385, Outlook.

COMPANION, will travel, care for semi-invalid, chaperon, social secretary, position of trust, desired by woman highly recommended. Callender, 5 Larch Pl., Summit, N. J.

MATURE kindergartner with homemaking experience desires summer position. 1,402, Outlook.

VERMONT college girl with experience wants summer position caring for children; will tutor if desired. 1,403, Outlook.

CULTURED young man desires summer position as traveling companion or tutor. Two years' travel in Europe. Speaks French. 1,392, Outlook.

SOCIAL secretary, disengaged in May. Experience as companion, chaperon, etc. 1,395, Outlook.

TEACHER of refinement and culture desires position as companion, summer months. 1,415, Outlook.

CAPABLE, well-bred college woman, with literary and executive ability, desires congenial summer employment. 1,414, Outlook.

TEACHER, woman of refinement, acquainted with art and architecture, would go abroad as guide or companion for summer. References exchanged. 1,413, Outlook.

YOUNG physician desires position camp counsilor or traveling companion. Box 81, Charlottesville, Va.

TWO competent college girls desire any summer situations together. Ruth Baldwin, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

SUMMER SERVICE—Companion or music tutor; willing to sew or supervise sports. 1,408, Outlook.

WESTERN college woman desires position as traveling companion for the summer. 1,419, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman desires position as secretary and traveling companion for the summer. 1,420, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as traveling companion either in this country or abroad, the latter preferred, by young lady of refinement, graduate nurse of prominent hospital in Baltimore. 1,426, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman, 3 years' teaching experience, desires position as traveling companion for summer or longer. Cheerful disposition; enjoys reading; can sew. 1,433, Outlook.

WOMAN of education and refinement desires position as companion-secretary or supervising housekeeper. Any position of trust in household. Highest references. 1,429, Outlook.

COMPANION. Refined young woman wishes position; no housework. References. 1,441, Outlook.

POSITION wanted by woman of experience and executive ability as organizer, buyer, household administrator, or manager. 1,450, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpe

SECRETARY, household manager—La experienced, with college education, desi position in private establishment. 1, Outlook.

CULTURED young lady, Protestant, sires resident position as secretary or g erness. Refined, cheerful. References. 1, Outlook.

TEMPORARY summer position desired a lady who has had long experience as ch eron to older girls. Fine musician—acco panist to voice or violin; good reader, acc toned to travel. Can undertake any positi of trust. 1,439, Outlook.

NURSE, refined American, wishes positi caring for baby or children. Capable of taki *charge of home.* Excellent references. 1, Outlook.

WANTED, by young student, position responsibility looking after boys from 10 16 years of age in private homes, seashore mountain. Will help with studies, teach go tennis, swimming, and dancing. 1,427, Outloo

SUMMER position wanted as chaperon companion by cheerful, executive woma Traveling preferred. 1,449, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER desires position for summer tutor or companion. Elementary Englis French. 1,331, Outlook.

WANTED—Position in private family physical education director interested hygienic measures. Experienced with ch dren in home and school. Capable enti direction of children and household. 1,36 Outlook.

COLLEGE girl preparing to teach wan summer position as tutor. Address Box Wells College, Aurora, New York.

COLLEGE student experienced in the ca of boys desires position as tutor (preferab traveling) for one or two boys. Address 1,41 Outlook.

A lady highly recommends governess f position of trust. Family or institution. P mary, kindergarten, nature study, physic care in light nursing, diet, sewing. America Episcopalian. R., 541 Lexington Ave., Ne York.

YOUNG Harvard graduate, two yea instructor leading university, wants summ position. Experienced tutor, councilor. Like travel. 1,412, Outlook.

COLLEGE senior, experienced with ch dren, desires position as nursery governe for the summer months. 1,410, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED native French woma college trained, wishes to make engageme for coming year in college preparatory schoo Would give interview. 1,423, Outlook.

COLLEGE man, experienced tutor, desir position as tutor and traveling companion boy of preparatory school age. 1,424, Outlook

CLASSICAL teacher, gentleman, 34 years age, 10 years' teaching, 7 as professor of Lat in Western State university, master's degr Michigan University, Ph.D. work near completed, desires Latin or Greek position Eastern or Middle West college. Best of re erences. 1,421, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, tutor. Thoroughly exper enced English Protestant wishes positio boys or girls over seven years. Music an French. Physical care. References 6 years, years. Miss Perry, 73 Cooke St., Providenc R. I.

TWO teachers desire summer employmen as tutors. Private family or school. Exce lent references. 1,431, Outlook.

YOUNG man, student in Eastern colleg desires position as tutor during summe 1,435, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, wil shop for you, services free. No samples References. 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell Th Outlook each week. No investment necessary Write for selling plan, Carrier Department The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave New York City.

WANTED—Defective people to board. Ad dress W., Pawling, N. Y.

TO young women desiring training in th care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full mainte nance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

LADY, home near Philadelphia, will give mother's care to infant, young child, or young family. 1,393, Outlook.

FOR adoption—Attractive, fair-haired baby girl of eleven months. Catholic home of re finement desired. Apply 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

FOR adoption—Bright, attractive, dark eyed girl of ten years, excellent health, ex ceptional mentality, fully orphaned. Apply 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

FOR adoption—Attractive, fair-haired girl of ten years, sturdy and strong, normal men tality, fully orphaned. Apply 610 Elm St., New Haven, Conn.

PROFESSIONAL NURSE with good home in Ohio college town will care for one or more young children during summer. $25 per week 1,394, Outlook.

AMBITIOUS WRITERS send to-day for Free copy America's leading magazine for writers of photoplays, stories, poems, songs Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 688 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

CHILDREN—Childless couple, home in private grounds, ninety acres Connecticut shore, will care for two children for summer, girls preferred. 1,443, Outlook.

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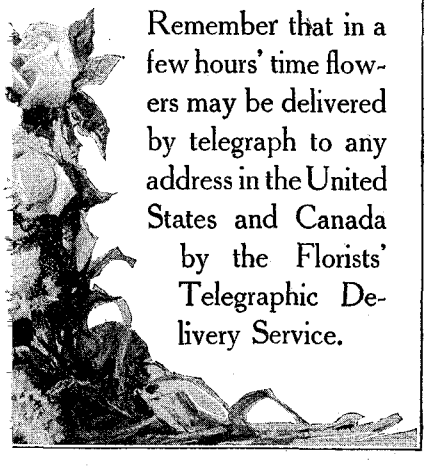
You Can't Forget

UNLESS you want to. Your calendar is a constant reminder of the days on which your friends expect to hear from you with a message of love and good wishes.

"Say it with Flowers"

this month for the birthday greetings, the wedding anniversaries and other anniversaries of those dear to you, and endear yourself to them.



Remember that in a few hours' time flowers may be delivered by telegraph to any address in the United States and Canada by the Florists' Telegraphic Delivery Service.

BY THE WAY

"BALLADS are beloved wherever they can be kept alive," says the editor of "Notes from the Pine Mountain Settlement School" of Harlan County, Kentucky. "They disappear in crowds and floating populations. Their habitat is the countryside where people are not bewildered by new tunes. Here at the School we do not let in popular airs, in order that the children may not forget their own songs. A new boy may bring us in a different version of a familiar ballad, as when some one sang the well-known 'Madam, will you walk and talk with me,' with this addition, learned at home:

> "I will give you a little pacin' horse,
> That paced these hills from cross to cross."

"The subjects of our ballads," continues the editor of "Notes," "hold the mirror up to nature. Love, jealousy, murder, faithfulness—we sing of all these themes. Sometimes they are faithful pictures, too, of aspects of life found only in the Cumberlands. Let some one start the lively strains of the Ground Hog Song:

> "Whet up your knife and whistle up your dog,
> We're off to the hills to hunt a ground-hog,
> Whack fal doodle all the day!

and we Kentucky mountain folk remember our own struggles 'over the hills and through the bresh,' where once we 'struck that hog-sign fresh.'"

Another song has a Mother Goose flavor, but may antedate that children's favorite:

> When I was a little boy I lived by myself,
> And all the bread and cheese I had I laid upon the shelf,
> Wing wong waddle to my Jack straw straddle,
> To my John fare faddle
> To my long ways home.

As an example of mixed metaphor, "S. R. O." contributes the following from the "Daily Enterprise" of Burlington, New Jersey:

> Despite the attitude of the taxpayers, however, despite the thin ice on which they were skating at the time, the members of the board have come forward with still another shovelful to throw on the load and it is not surprising that the embers of protest have again been fanned into flame.

The spirit of indomitable youth still persists in a New York City employee who has just lost his job because he had arrived at the age of compulsory retirement. "They needn't think they can keep me from working with their old retirement laws," said the veteran, as reported in a daily paper. "I'll get me a job and do something, I don't care how often they say I'm too old to work. I'm not old at all. I'm only eighty-one, and I'll live a good many years yet. I never felt better, and I don't need any vacation or any rest. Monday morning

The HERRICK is selected by the most exclusive Apartment Hotels and HOMES!

The Choice of the Discriminating

The chosen refrigerator for $10,000 per year apartments is just as available for the most humble home. You can enjoy these *quality* features at ordinary refrigerator cost:

1. *HERRICK Cold Dry Air Circulation* keeps interior dry and clean. Keeps food fresh.
2. *HERRICK Five Point Insulation* maintains lowest temperature at least ice cost.
3. *HERRICK Removable Drainage System* makes cleaning easy. Insures perfect sanitation.
4. *HERRICK Outside Icing*—when specified—makes botherless icing in summer and iceless refrigeration in cool weather. Water cooler attachment if desired.

MEMO for FREE BOOKLET!
"Food Safety" tells proper way to arrange food in any refrigerator and describes specific advantages of the *HERRICK*. Send now or clip this memo as reminder to write soon.

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1105 River Street • Waterloo, Iowa

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THE ARISTOCRAT OF REFRIGERATORS

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On the exclusive North Shore
A beautiful hotel perfectly appointed, where the comfort and pleasure of its guests are constantly considered. Every guest room connects with private bath. Accommodations for 450. For reservations, write or wire
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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

$7.00 & $8.00 SHOES

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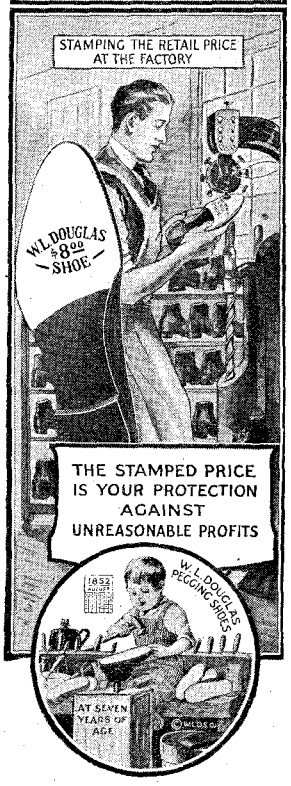
YOU CAN ALWAYS SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU AT ONE PROFIT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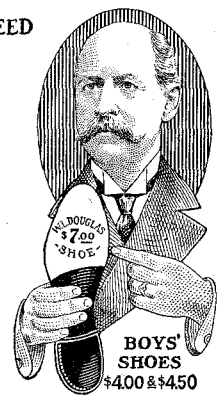
1852
AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE

W. L. DOUGLAS PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED BY MORE THAN FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN MAKING FINE SHOES

They are made of the best and finest leathers, by skilled shoemakers, all working to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The quality is unsurpassed. Only by examining them can you appreciate their wonderful value. Shoes of equal quality cannot be bought elsewhere at anywhere near our prices.

Our $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are exceptionally good values. W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 108 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.



BOYS' SHOES $4.00 & $4.50

W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The intrinsic value of a Trade Mark lies in giving to the consumer the equivalent of the price paid for the goods.

Catalog Free.

W. L. Douglas

President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
767 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

To Summer Resort Proprietors

The Outlook will devote a special section in its spring and early summer issues to advertising of summer resorts, tours and travel. This will appear every week during May, June, and July. The issue of May 24 will be the Annual Out-of-Doors Number containing articles on vacation subjects and illustrations especially selected. The corresponding issue of 1921 carried 198 advertisements of hotels and resorts.

Write us early and we will be glad to give you copy suggestions

Department of Classified Advertising

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

BY THE WAY—*(Continued)*

I'm going out to look for a job, and I bet I find one."

Speaking of the canniness of th Scotch, the "Ocean Times" says that o fine morning a small boy sat on the cu and cried his heart out. He had lost h weekly penny, and searched for it i vain. Presently an old Scot came alon and offered comfort. "Dinna cry, la die," he said. "If ye dinna find it afo dark, here's a match!"

An ode on transportation is wanted b the Clark Equipment Company Buchanan, Michigan, according to th "Railway Age," and the successful po will receive a thousand dollars for h effort to idealize the mechanics of mov ment. Last year the same compan which deals in automobile parts, gat ered twelve paintings by well-know artists depicting "The Spirit of Tran portation." It is now proposed to pu lish reproductions of these pictures, a companied by the successful ode.

It is noted that four of the six judge of the contest are editors of strictl trade journals. Why not make Am Lowell, Vachell Lindsey, and E. A Robinson judges of a contest for th best designed carbureter?

The chiropractic practitioner comes i for several digs at the hands of th humorist of the "Journal" of the Ameri can Medical Association. This one i prose, from a letter received by a physi cians' supply house:

> Gentlemen: I cannot say for the present for you to keep me on your list or not in account of the new laws that is going to be inafective in may. might or might not that we had to quit the proficiency of Chiropractic I will write to you later. Yours very truly.

This one in verse:

> If your heart goes pitter-patter,
> Do you know what is the matter?
> Why your spine
> Is out of line!
> If you have a hob-nail liver;
> If the ague makes you shiver—
> Your poor spine
> Is out of line!
> . . . . . .
> It's your spine—
> Fatal spine!
> But why pine?
> That's the knack!
> Hear it crack?
> Now it's back—
> Right in line!
> Ain't it fine?

Overheard on a Thirty-fourth Street cross-town car in New York City: Passenger—"Conductor, this transfer to a Broadway car you have given me may get me into trouble. It reads—'On surrender of this ticket properly punched southbound Broadway conductors will issue you a retransfer,' and so on. Now I don't want to have to punch any Broadway conductor, properly or improperly." Conductor (an Irishman and ready to follow up a joke)—"Ah well, thim Broadway conductors is good-natured guys and maybe they'll let ye ride without takin' a b'atin'."

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